

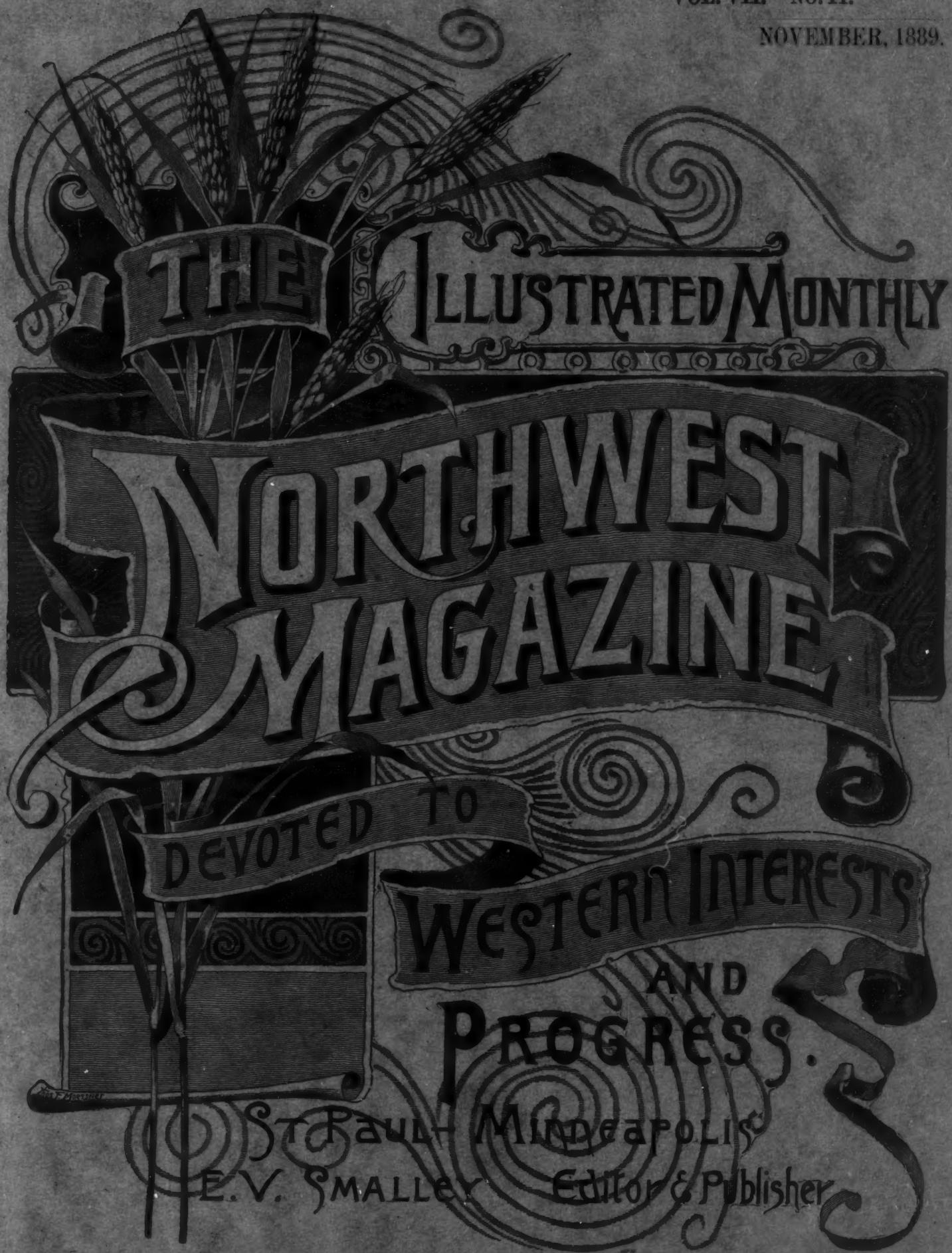
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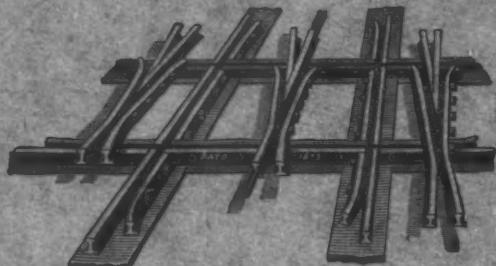
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THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII.—No. 11.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, NOV., 1889.

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THE MENNONITES OF MANITOBA.

In the southern part of the Province of Manitoba, just north of the International boundary line, there is a large and prosperous colony of Mennonites. They occupy a considerable tract of the fertile prairie land of the Red River Valley, and have been settled in the country since the first pioneers came from Russia. The Canadian government gave them a concession known as the Mennonite Reserve to induce them to come. Although Russian by natural origin, these people are Germans in language, being descendants of a Mennonite colony which migrated from Prussia to the banks of the Dneiper in 1773. Prior to 1871 the Russian Mennonites were exempted from the military conscription, but in that year the Imperial government made levies upon them for the army the same as upon other subjects. They are opposed to bearing arms, like the Quakers, from religious scruples, and the conscription was to them a sore oppression. Thousands of them emigrated to America to escape military service, the elders going with their sons to keep the families unbroken. The Manitoba colony is one of the largest and most successful of all the Mennonite settlements thrown off from the parent stock in Russia.

The Mennonite church dates back to the sixteenth century. Its founder was Menno Simons, a native of Münster in Prussia, who was born in 1496 and died in 1561. After the persecutions of the Anabaptists he organized a new religious body from the remnants of that sect. There are several subdivisions of the Mennonites in America, the oddest of which are the Omish, of Ohio and Pennsylvania, who wear shad-belly coats without buttons, and fasten all their garments with strings, or hooks and eyes, holding buttons to be carnal vanities. The Mennonites of Manitoba wear plain gray clothes, mainly made from material spun and woven at home.

In occupying their quarter sections of land they build their houses in groups of four, on the corners—a sensible arrangement for sociability and mutual helpfulness. They are exceedingly industrious and sparing and many of them have accumulated considerable property. They never see each other in the courts, all their differences being settled by a sort of unofficial council composed of old men. Such a council appears to be a part of the organization of each church society. Like the Quakers they affirm, instead of taking oaths, when summoned as witnesses.

region near the river originally occupied by their farms being now pretty well filled up. They have a number of churches and a few small villages, which are little more than the ordinary group of four dwellings with a church and a blacksmith shop added and perhaps a little store. Their principal trading points are Emerson and Gretta, where they have an excellent reputation among the merchants for prompt payment of debts. Their German speech has been a good deal corrupted by Russian influences.

POSSIBILITIES OF IRRIGATION.

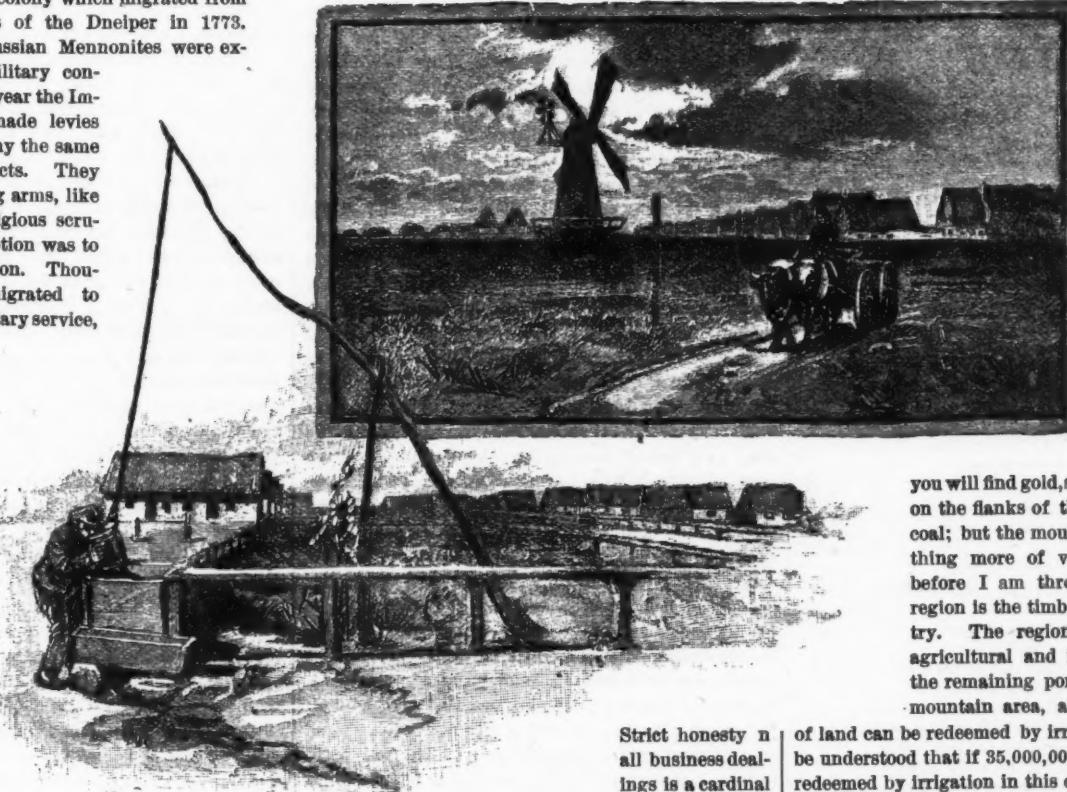
The following is an extract from Major Powell's address in Helena, on the question of irrigation:

"Montana has an area of about 90,000,000 acres; of that 90,000,000 acres 35,000,000 are mountains, 35,000,000 acres of land are dedicated to special industries—in those mountains

you will find gold, silver, copper, lead, and on the flanks of the mountains iron and coal; but the mountain region has something more of value, as you will see before I am through. The mountain region is the timber region of the country. The regions below are in part agricultural and in part pasturage; of the remaining portion, leaving out the mountain area, about 35,000,000 acres

of land can be redeemed by irrigation. Now it must be understood that if 35,000,000 of acres of land are redeemed by irrigation in this country, it means that no drop of water—and that is the life-blood of agriculture—that no drop of water falling within the area of the state shall flow beyond the boundary lines of the State; it means that all the water falling within the State will be utilized upon its agriculture. That statement is made by a careful estimate of the water in your streams, and upon the further computation that it will take one acre of water to irrigate one acre of land. If all the waters flowing in the streams of Montana be used, not all the water flowing during the season of irrigation, but all the water used in irrigation, it will irrigate about 35,000,000 acres; but in order to utilize all of this water, and to redeem all

SCENES IN THE MENNONITE SETTLEMENTS.



Winnipeg of Mennonite farmers being overpaid by mistakes in calculation for their loads of grain and returning the overpayment to the last cent on their next trip to town.

These people are good, orderly citizens, but they are not intelligent in any broad sense, reading few books and newspapers and taking little interest in what goes on outside the limits of their settlements. Their numbers increase steadily and their settlements spread westward towards the Turtle Mountains, the

Strict honesty in all business dealings is a cardinal article of their faith. Instances are related in

of this land, it becomes necessary to store the waters which are usually run to waste. That is, the season of irrigation in Montana will vary from six weeks to nine weeks, in some few cases a little longer than that, but in the main we may say the time of irrigation will be about two months. With that understanding ten months of the flow runs to waste, and in order that the 35,000,000 acres of land may be redeemed for agricultural purposes within this State it is necessary to use all that water now running to waste. There then remains say 20,000,000 acres of land which can not be used for agriculture and which yet are not mountainous and not covered by timber, but which have more or less value for pasture purposes, and, gentlemen, that is a magnificent heritage—90,000,000 acres of land, 35,000,000 acres of forest and of mountains filled with ores, 35,000,000 acres of land as rich as any that lies under the sun shall be made fertile, shall be made to yield in vast abundance by the utilization of these waters. It is no misfortune as at first it may appear. It is no misfortune to the people that their land is arid—the 35,000,000 acres of land that you have, when redeemed by irrigation, will be to you much more valuable than if that water was distributed evenly over the country, so that there was sufficient rainfall and irrigation was unnecessary. The proposition, perhaps, seems somewhat quixotic, and yet there is a long line of history to prove what I have said."

BALLAD O' PIZEN SNAKE.

Ginger an' me an' Monte Jake
Put up er job on Pizen Snake.

Hated ter bilk this Injun buck—
Hed ter do it ter change our luck!

We wuz stoppin' et old Fort Pierre—
Suckers wuz curse an' livin' dear!

Credit wuz gone an' what ter do,
Nary er one ov us critters knew.

Bullwhackers acted kinder shy;
All o' the boys wuz gettin' fly.

Wouldn't give us er bit or play,
Wouldn't buck us ernother day!

Ginger wuz cappin', but wa'n't to blame,
No one would tackle our leetle game!

Jake an' Ginger an' me wuz broke—
Barkeeper had our guns in soak!

Whiskey wuz wu'th two bits er drink—
Hed to rustle to raise some chink!

Finerly roped this Pizen Snake,
Played him low fer er leetle stake.
Said 'at he'd like to hev "heap fun,"
Tried ter humor ther son ov er gun.
Took in his blankets an' other truck,
Also the spurs ov this Injun duck.
Blew in his squaw an' two papoose—
(But fer ther kids we had no use),
Blew in his pony, saddle and all—
Kep' us ergoin' all that fall!

Blew in his tepee on the "trey,"
Finerly blew out his brains one day.

SAM T. CLOVER.

AN ALPHABETICAL ROMANCE.

A pretty maiden with eyes so blue,
A gallant lover, who took his cue
From her downcast face and, as his due,
Sipped from her lips, his lamb, his ewe,
Of honey-sweet kisses not a few.
Round her taper waist his bold arms grew,
While her fair face rivalled the rose's hue.
Now she was a Christian, he was a Jew,
And how it happened they never knew.
His name was Isaac, and hers was Lu.
Well, dogs may bark and cats may mew,
But the old, old story is always new;
For the very baby lisps, "I 'ove oo!"
And the pulpit makes sheep's eyes at the pew.
So Isaac, minding each "p" and "q,"
Assured her the change she should not rue,
And never did lover more bravely sue
For permission to make one out of two.
The parson was paid with an I. O. U.
And the lovers, wedded, fade from our view.

ENVY.

Let the wide world wag; who'd win must woo,
And love is the same, I think—don't you?—
From Yang-tse-Kiang to Kalamazoo.

W. E. P. FRENCH.

FAR FROM HOME.

BY MARION D. EGEBERT.

The other day two young fellows, neither of them twenty years of age, stood together near the delivery window of the postoffice in Walla Walla. They were nice looking, and, besides being without overcoats, wore overalls and coarse, heavy shoes, and no doubt but that morning obtained a breathing spell, and had come down from the great wheat fields that border our fair mountains in the hope of hearing from home. Their hands were tanned and calloused, yet shapely, and the grime upon their otherwise fair faces gave unmistakable signs that they were of those who follow the noisy threshers as they go up and down our bright valley. They were hard-working country lads, evidently strangers, and the air of reserve and timidity about them showed that somewhere on the green earth they had been the subjects of the ministrations of loving hearts and hands.

Directly, one advanced to the window, and hesitatingly said: "If you please, is there a letter for John or William Barton?" Presently—it must have seemed an age to them, so great was their expectancy, so fearful of disappointment—a thick, white letter was passed to them. The older of the two took it, and, hand on arm, both gazing most intently and wistfully at the superscription, they passed slowly from the building, and then sat down in a doorway close at hand. And when the seal was broken, and the letter brought to view, the elder said, cheerily, "Why, it's from mother, Billy." "Thank God," said the other, reverently. The fond missive was gently opened, and it began, "To my dear boys in a distant land." Just then a soft breeze dropped down from the bending poplars, and blew open an inner sheet, when a pansy, sweet, though faded, fell from the letter to the ground. Quick as a flash, the younger caught it up, and placed it in the palm of his now nervous hand. The moisture that had been clouding his eyes now turned to hot and blinding tears. Then bowing his head, he silently kissed memory's bright messenger again and again, and while looking earnestly upon the floweret, the boy's mind, "swift as the wings of the morning light," had swept over the high mountains, the wild prairies, the sterile plain, the broad rivers and bright valleys, till it rested at last at the old home beside the winding Susquehanna. He sees the pansy bed, now glorious in wealth of bloom, and by it the wild thyme and sweet marjoram, fair lillies, marigolds and golden rod, near by the spring, with its borders of blue forget-me-nots and white lilies of the valley. The fragrant woodbine is on the porch as of old, and the rose bush, with its flowers still in bloom by the garden path, but immeasurably dearer and sweeter than all in the enraptured vision, is the dear, gray haired, blue eyed mother, who has written them so lovingly from the far-away home. The boyish heart could bear it no more, for he turns his sad face, now streaming with tears—the overflow of the agonized soul—to the wall, and cried as though his very heart would break. The lad was "mother's boy," and had never been from home before. He felt the fact in all of its awful realization. He was among strangers; in a land that nowhere presented a familiar scene; nowhere a familiar voice was heard. No wonder that the young and wearied soul, with all its yearning for the old loving face and faces, should be convulsed with supremest agony. The boys both, in their intensity of feeling, seemed to be in a world of their own, and utterly oblivious of the curious glances of the busy crowd that constantly swept by them. Kindly, gently and affectionately, the elder boy placed his sunburned hand upon his brother's shoulder, and soothingly whispers, "Never mind it, Billy, we'll be all right before long, for when the harvest is ended, we'll have plenty to take us back home and to mother again, where we'll stay, won't we Billy?" "But no, brother, I can not wait. I want to see my mother now." And the soul of the poor lad went out again across the black ocean of despair, to the one of all the whole world who is at all times the dearest, the tenderest and the most precious one to all

human hearts, and the sorrowing child gently clasped his arms across his breast as though the spirit-form of the mother was with her boy once more. Who knows but what it was?

Accursed be the human fate that forces the young life from its most sacred associations; accursed be the human greed that causes the heart strings to be severed, that crushes the roof tree of the ancestors, that destroys the hearth stone and drives us, one and all, oft times fruitless quests o'er barren lands and boisterous seas to alien skies. There may be rewards in the unknown future for our human sacrifices, for the heart yearnings and distress endured like unto that of this poor lad in the land of the stranger. But the human heart can never bear a greater agony than that of a home-sick youth, or of those who yearn to see the mother face or hear the mother voice again.

Presently, the tears were wiped away, and wildly throbbing heart quieted once more, and the letter begun again, and as the reading progressed the tears gave place to smiles and anon to happy laughter, as the delineation of home scenes and incidents justified, and when the end was come it closed just as all mothers' letters close to sons in distant lands, "I send a mother's loving kiss to each of you, and wish you home again." "Twas then the pansy was put between the all but sacred leavess again, and the letter softly folded up, and it was mother's boy who placed it down deep within the inside pocket of his jacket. Then, arm in arm, these brothers, seemingly all the world to one another, and evidently feeling nearer and dearer than ever before, because of their isolation, walked up the street, talking cheerfully of that good day so soon to come, when "They'd go home to mother."

FLUCTUATIONS IN THE RAINFALL.

Warren P. Upham, Assistant United States Geological Survey, who has given much attention to climatic conditions in the Dakotas, writes the following letter to the Jamestown *Alert*: The severe drought which has prevailed during the past summer, not only throughout North and South Dakota, but also westward to the Pacific Coast, causing the conflagrations in Seattle and Spokane Falls and the great forest fires of Western Montana, Idaho, and British Columbia, doubtless marks a minimum point in the average annual rainfall, such as eighteen years ago made possible the great fire in Chicago and the extensive forest fires in Wisconsin, in which hundreds of people lost their lives. Between these periods of excessive drought were the years of plentiful rain, giving abundant wheat harvests wherever settlements had been made on the Dakota prairies, which therefore received during those years a great tide of immigration. But during the past few years a deficiency of rainfall has caused generally a diminution of the farmer's harvests, and consequent depression of every business enterprise, until in the present dry year many are discouraged and on the point of returning East or going forward to the still further West.

This distrust of the farming prospects of North and South Dakota rests largely on a belief which many entertain that the dry seasons are to continue; and a spirit of confidence and better perseverance would take its place, if only the experience of the earliest settlers of this region should be consulted. A dozen years ago the sloughs were generally dry as they are to-day; since then, between 1880 and 1885, they were filled with water by the plentiful snows and rains and bountiful harvests rewarded the farmer's toil. Following out this experience for what it promises for the future, we see the present dry seasons and depression of business succeeded within the coming few years, probably even next year, by increasing rainfall, which is sure to bring again the lakelets filling the lake beds that are now dry, and with the rains such harvests as made the land rejoice a few years ago and built up the many villages and towns that dot these prairies. "It is always darkest just before dawn." Therefore let not those who have been pioneers for the settlement of this fertile area leave it

in this year of its minimum rainfall; for there is very surely to come in their rotation years of plentiful rain and as large harvests as a few years ago.

All the lakes of North and South Dakota have fluctuated many times from stages of low level to stages of high level, dependent on the variations in the average yearly snowfall and rainfall. Remarkable shore lines of such high stages of water are seen about Devil's Lake, Stump Lake, Spiritwood Lake, and indeed every lake of considerable size in the region. The length of time since the first settlement for farming in North and South Dakota has, however been insufficient for recording several alternations of their low and high stages. But we have only to go half way east toward the Atlantic to find a reliable record of the general climatic law which prevails throughout the Northwest and with more or less uniformity all the way east to New England. This is afforded by the variations in the heights of the great lakes tributary to the St. Lawrence.

The great Laurentian lakes attained their highest stage, within our knowledge, since the advent of white men, in 1838; but they were nearly as high in 1814-15 and 1788. Since 1838 they have reached maximum stages in 1847, '58, '70, and '82. These lag two or three years behind the times of maximum rainfall, which were in 1836, 1855 and 1880.

The lowest known stage of these lakes was in the winter of 1819-20, when Lake Erie was six feet lower than in 1838. In 1796 it was five feet lower than in 1838. Other years of minimum, mostly somewhat less remarkable, were 1841, '53, '65, and '75.

Inspecting these records, it will be seen that a succession of unusually dry years, lowering the lake levels, have alternated with series of wet years by which the lakes have been raised to maximum stages, in cycles of ten or twelve years from one maximum, through at least five such cycles, occupying the past fifty years. No better assurance could be asked that the present years of drought will be soon followed by their opposite. In just the same direction is the testimony of the white trappers and voyagers and of the Indians, who well remember several such rotations from plentiful to deficient rainfall and back again to abundant snow and rain, with all the lakes, sloughs and rivers filled, within the same period of half a century past. If the cycle of ten or twelve years repeats itself again, it is now at its turning point, and those who remain will share the renewed prosperity that it promises.

LIFE IN BUTTE.

When you see Butte you see what you have never seen before and never can see again. You may not like Butte, you may think you wouldn't care to live there, you may object to its manners or its morals, but you will certainly admit that it is the most remarkable place "on the footstool." Fancy a lot of frame houses, mostly one-storied, enough of them to accommodate 25,000 people, squatted on the side of the mountains,

miles of board walk stretching up and down two or three dozen streets; fancy a great throng of human beings plunging along every thoroughfare at all hours of the day and night; for, apparently, only a small portion of the people of Butte waste time in sleep; fancy men in plug hats and fluted shirts, men in blue blouses and panamas, men in black slouched hats and trousers that time has forgotten to recall, men in other things, the names of which I don't know and never saw except in Butte; fancy Americans, fancy Germans, fancy Swedes, fancy negroes, fancy Indians, fancy Chinamen, fancy Castle Garden, fancy the Bowery, fancy Shanty Town, fancy Beacon Street, fancy a Methodist camp ground. Jumble them all together and you will have something that is in a measure suggestive of Butte.

Butte has a delightful society, capable of satisfying everybody's taste. If you prefer refined and cultivated people, college-bred and broadened by travel, they are there and happy to know you. If you like plain, common, everyday folks, whose hearts are better than their manners, they are numerous, apt to be rich and sure to be friendly. If you enjoy gamblers and thieves, prize fighters and sporting men generally, they are as available as ticks in a pine forest. There are people who say that Butte is the wickedest place in the world. I doubt it, I doubt if anything happens in Butte that doesn't happen contemporaneously in Boston. The only difference is that they are more candid in Butte than in Boston. The gambling houses of Butte have their doors wide open, without even so much as a wicker screen to shield their careless players. Over their doors is a

sign-board, with the words conspicuously lettered, "Licensed Gambling Saloon," which means that they are sure of being let alone in the orderly conduct of their swindles without paying blackmail money at police headquarters. Enter such a place and you see everybody. Mr. Jones, lawyer; Mr. Smith, banker; Mr. Brown, miner, a street fakir "dropping" on black and white the proceeds of his night's wrestle with the community's pains and aches on the street corner beyond; two or three women likely to be French or African; a heathen or so, silent, patient, but usually lucky, all huddled in a lump watching the mechanical movements of the long-bearded, elderly chap as he slides this card that way, and that this. There are no "side doors," no alley entrances in Butte. The sun is permitted to shine through clear glass windows upon the unjust as well as the just. A mining camp (and when one sees Butte he sees the greatest mining camp on earth) is a place where everybody makes money fast, where prices are high, profits large and gold in plentiful circulation. Naturally enough the loose and the vicious are attracted to such a place. But, while they make themselves more conspicuous here than in sedater and slower towns, they hold the same outcast relation to life that they hold the world over. They are the same, poor, miserable, flashy wretches. They are under the same social ban, the same police restraints, and they come to the same lamentable ends.

It is said in a circular recently issued to attract permanent immigration to Butte: "We have seven churches, the pride and glory of our people." This is all true. The people of Butte are proud of every-



IN A MENNONITE CHURCH.

thing they possess. They are proud of their mines, of their stores (they have a store in Butte almost as big as Macy's) of their clubs, of their beer halls, and why not of their churches? Not only those who go to the churches, but thousands who never saw the inside of them nor heard a TeDeum in their lives, are proud. Butte is a liberal community, and it is a matter of profound satisfaction to the entire town that its outfit of churches is equal to the demand. And do not fear, Butte will raise the money for another church in ten minutes if it appears to be needed. She will raise it anyhow, needed or not, so soon as Helena starts to build a new one. Butte would never assent to be outstripped by Helena in churches or anything else, and she will have her steeples sweeping as high a cloud as ever Helena dares aspire to.

Sunday, however, is not a very quiet day in Butte. It is the miner's play to-day. They hunt, fish and go to picnics. The bands parade on Sundays. The saloons esteem it their best and busiest opportunity. The "hurdy-gurdies" are open, and dances run on incessantly. All the stores do business, all the mills and smelters run. Many people work harder on Sundays than on any other day. The chief evil of this Northwestern country is the tendency of everybody to work himself to death. You must keep going as the crowd goes. You can't lag behind while those around you, competing with you, are hurling themselves forward. Everybody acknowledges that this is a foolish mistake. Everybody would infinitely prefer not to make it. But nobody feels able to check the current. It moves and you must go along too, or find yourself left. Butte is 5,878 feet above the level of the sea, and the air is all oxygen. It keeps one's heart thumping away at a great rate. One does as much living in ten years in Butte as he can do in twenty in the East.—*L. E. Quigg in N. Y. Tribune.*

FUTURE OF THE DAKOTAS.

What may be looked for in the two Dakotas in the way of progress is well illustrated in the growth of the great state of Iowa, which, without great manufacturing or commercial centers to attract population, advanced from the twenty-seventh State in population in 1850 to the tenth in 1880. Iowa is essentially an agricultural State. It has no great cities. The enterprise of Chicago prevented the growth of a city on the Mississippi. The condition of the two Dakotas are similar. Both will be great agricultural States and their capacities for production are enormous. It is not likely that any great cities will grow up within their limits. There will be many centers of trade, but large commercial or manufacturing cities are not likely to grow in the face of such rivalry as that of the Twin Cities, Duluth and the coast cities of Washington and Oregon. The population will be largely made up of those more or less directly interested in farming, and no State can boast of a more intelligent, thrifty and progressive population than that which has carried the Territory into Statehood, and which is numerous and positive enough to give character to the future States—*Northwestern Agriculturist.*

HOW HE SOLD THE MINES.

Probably Mr. Tower's most successful enterprise was the development of the great Vermillion iron district in Minnesota, undertaken when he was seventy-two years of age. These ore bodies, to which his attention was first called in 1875, and to which he sent several investigating expeditions, that reported favorably, lay in St. Louis County, Minnesota, ninety miles northeast of Duluth. This country presented almost insurmountable obstacles, but the indomitable courage of Mr. Tower did not yield in the least. The opening and working of iron mines so far from the border of civilization implied a formidable expenditure; a railroad 100 miles long must be built and equipped, and docks and harbors must be built. Experienced business men drew back from

the enterprise, but Mr. Tower single handed determined to carry it through. He built the railroad, erected docks and all the buildings necessary, and in addition had so far developed the mines that when the railroad was completed their product was ready for shipment. The first shipment was made to Cleveland, in August, 1884. A town called Tower sprang up at the mines, which to-day employ from 1,500 to 1,800 men, and another at the railroad terminus on Lake Superior. The shipment of ore from Tower in 1884, the first year, was 68,000 tons, and in 1887 had increased to 400,000 tons. This enterprise to-day gives support to 5,000 people, and is growing steadily. This industry, planted by the hand of a single man in a remote and difficult country, will be a grand monument to Mr. Tower's memory. It placed Minnesota hitherto unknown as a mineral producing district, in the space of four years, among the foremost iron markets of the United States. A syndicate was formed in 1887 which purchased the entire property for \$6,000,000. Mr. Tower retaining, however, a large interest.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

Nothing so vividly shows the remarkable possibilities of the Northwest as a little table giving the population of North and South Dakota, Washington, Montana, Oregon and Pennsylvania. The figures are as follows:

	Estimated Population.	Area in Sq. Miles.
North Dakota.....	250,000	75,000
South Dakota.....	400,000	79,500
Washington.....	300,000	66,694
Montana.....	160,000	143,776
Oregon.....	325,000	95,274
Pennsylvania.....	5,000,000	46,086

The smallest new State, Washington, is half again as large as Pennsylvania, while the largest, Montana, is more than three times as large. The total estimated population of all the new States is a little over 1,000,000 which is probably not more than twenty per cent. of the population of the Keystone State, to be shown by the present census. Compared to Pennsylvania the whole territory of the Northwest is comparatively empty.—*Oregonian.*

AUTUMN DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear:
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.
Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary wings are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet, and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

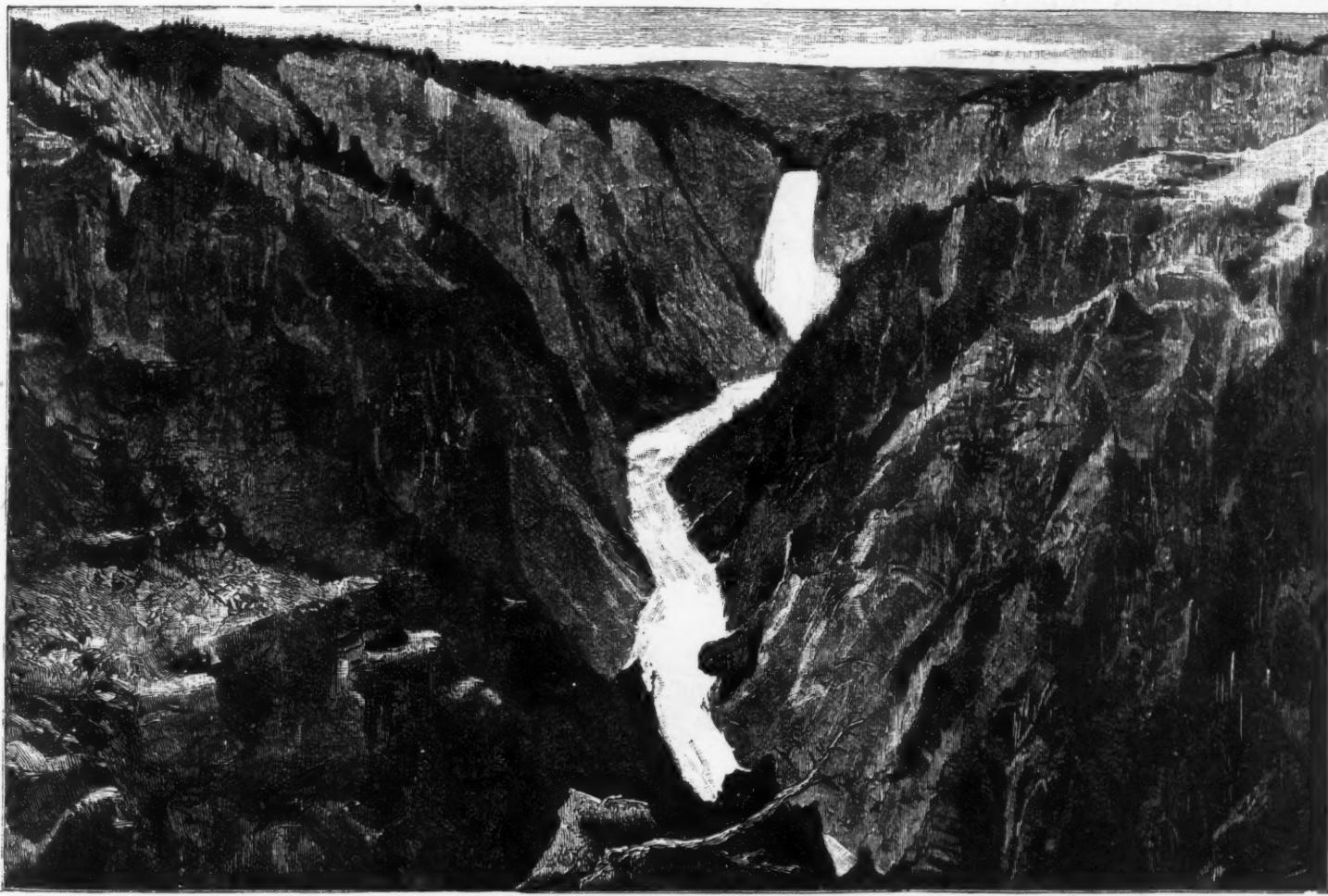
So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me,
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast.
Till I bless her, till she bless me—
That were happiness at last,
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumn of the past.

TALMAGE IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in N. Y. Observer: The most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself and all the Moran and Bierstadts, and the other enchanting artists, have completed their canvass, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the geologists paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing. In places the earth throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water one hundred and eighty-five feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenic, and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxemburg or a Vatican picture gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and the so-called Evangeline geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates. The so-called Pulpit Terrace, from its white elevation, preaching mightier sermons of God than human lips ever uttered. The so-called Bethesda geyser, by the warmth of which invalids have already been cured, and the Angel of Health continually stirring the waters. Enraged craters, with heat at five hundred degrees, only a little below the surface.

Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths, or the dead trees and vegetation of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalming. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in murderous struggle with his keepers. But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the pororation of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty! Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, sunrise and sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring. Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals and Egyptian basilicas, built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopolis that can never be taken. Alhambra, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was emperored. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Founts of waters at which the lesser hills are baptised while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pound-



THE GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE, NATIONAL PARK.

ng with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and now this last Testament written on the rocks.

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald on a base of five hundred feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching amid rocks.

Yonder is an eagle's nest in a shaft of basalt. Through an eyeglass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battle-field of the war of the elements. Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire, nor the chrysolite, nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of the twelve pearls, wanting. If spirits, bound from earth to heaven, could pass up by way of this canyon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory.

Ascent through such earthly scenery, in which the crystal is so bright, and the red so flaming, would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

Standing there in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone Park, on the morning of August 9th, for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it. Those waters congealed and transfixied with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of the Judge of quick and dead. And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at His feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

YAKIMA WONDERLAND.

A few weeks ago Mr. Josiah Wiley and family, of the Ahtanum Valley, made a trip into the Cascades directly west of this city, spending two weeks in what is doubtless the most wonderful section of these most wonderful mountains.

Near the end of the south fork of the Tietan, one and a half miles below the glaciers, he discovered a waterfall 300 feet high and grand beyond description. Following down the stream he saw a succession of falls from twenty-five feet to 500 feet in height. Thence for eight miles the valley is nearly level, then came rapids and a succession of falls from ten to twenty feet each. The mountain scenery in this

locality is grand, and there is doubtless no finer stretch of river and mountain grandeur in the Cascades.

From that locality Mr. Wiley crossed to the north of Klickitat. He here found a splendid range for cattle and sheep. Forest fires were raging in that locality. In some places the flames leaped to a height of 200 feet. The flames swept the mountain sides with the fury of a hurricane. From the North Klickitat Mr. Wiley visited the middle fork of that river, which is the land of soda springs. Some of these were located in the center of the stream. One was of such force as to raise three feet up through the running water of the stream. The volume of water from it was nearly three feet in diameter. There were seen in this section ten of these soda springs. The water is most excellent. On Goat Mountain, Mr. Wiley experienced a snow storm, August 18. He saw many Indians bringing huckleberries from the regions beyond. Below the fall on the South Klickitat, salmon were very plenty. There were but few fish in the upper Tietan. Two of the party caught 150 trout in three hours on the upper Klickitat. Small game and deer were found plenty.

The mountains of these regions, although so near to our city, are very little known. The day will come when they will be thronged with tourists and health-seekers the season through.—*Yakima (Wash) Republic.*

Exchanging Courtesies.

Actor (in country town)—"I hope you won't object to announcing in your paper that this will probably be the last chance to see me outside of the great cities, as I have received an offer from the Gotham Theater for next season at \$500 a week."

Editor—"I'll print it with pleasure. And, by the way, please announce from the stage that now is the time to subscribe for the *Pumpkinville Trumpet*, as I have received an offer of \$5,000 a week to run the *London Times*."

PRESTON GULCH.

How Two City Girls Held Down a Claim.

BY L. E. M. S.

[Continued from October Number.]

VI.

One pleasant day soon after Mrs. Pierson's visit to Preston Gulch, our two girls set out by way of the prairie route on a visit to the enemy's camp. When half way across the prairie they met a wagon full of folks, Mr. Sawyer and his family on their way to a distant neighbor's to spend the day. The girls remembering how they had been warned against the Piersons by Mr. Sawyer did not dare to mention that they were now on their way to visit them. So they felt a little embarrassment which was increased considerably as they stood there talking to the Sawyers, by the approach behind a fast-driven team, of a dark faced man in a slouch hat drawn down over his face. He drove past them without slackening his pace, but the girls noticed that he gave them a quick, surprised look and glanced darkly at Mr. Sawyer without a sign of recognition. Mr. Sawyer pulled at his mustache fiercely and turning to the girls said:

"That's one of them villains I was telling you about," then added as he whipped up his horses, "if he don't get your land away from you it won't be his fault!"

When the girls continued on their way to Pierson's, it was with minds full of doubt as to the advisability of allowing themselves to be entrapped by this great show of friendliness on the part of the enemy. However, they finally concluded, after holding a council of war, that in their present lonely and unprotected state, the best policy was to respond to this friendliness and not show that they had any suspicion of their enemy's intentions regarding their land. After leaving the prairie and descending some distance into a gulch, they found a rapidly flowing creek between steep banks and no way of crossing except over an extremely narrow looking log that seemed fearfully high above the water. Neither girl would venture to cross on such a bridge as this, and while hesitating and looking around for some less terrifying way of getting over, they were startled to see the dark-faced man with the slouch hat, coming down the opposite bank. Stepping on the log as though it were the solid ground, he came over quickly and fearlessly and as he approached the girls he said:

"I'll help you over!" They shrank from him with ill-disguised fear, but when he pushed his hat up off his face and showed a pair of handsome frank eyes that were full of surprise at their fear of him, they felt ashamed of themselves and Nellie stepping towards him and blushing considerably said simply: "If you please sir I'd like to be helped over."

A pleased look then came into his face, and telling her to take his hand and keep close behind him he carefully guided her across the log and helped her up the opposite bank. Then he returned for Minnie who not having been seized with so sudden a confidence in the "villain" as had her impulsive sister, was in the meanwhile attempting to cross over by herself. But she had become suddenly panic-stricken when only one-third the distance over, so when the "villain" returned for her he was amused to find her down on her knees hugging the log in a terrified manner and only too thankful to be helped over. After getting up the bank quite a distance they found themselves in a cow yard which was in sight of a house. Mrs. Pierson, who had seen them coming before they got down to the creek and had thereupon sent her son to show them how to get across, now came to meet them expressing great pleasure at their visit. She led the way to the house and they followed.

Nellie could not resist looking back to see whether the "villain" was still of their party and in doing this she encountered a gleam from his dark eyes that sent the blood tingling through her veins, she knew not why. He immediately dropped his eyes though, on



"I'LL HELP YOU OVER!"

perceiving the blush that mantled her face. He had returned to his team in the unharnessing of which he had been interrupted when sent by his mother to the rescue of the girls. Nellie felt so vexed at herself for having looked around at the "villain;" but how did she know that he was looking at her and would therefore see the interest that she was beginning to take in him. They passed through a small kitchen into a large room that served for dining room, parlor and general living room. An old organ in this room attracted Nellie's attention. Mrs. Pierson noticed the longing glances that Nellie directed towards the organ and asked her if she would not play or sing, and Nellie gladly complied. While she was in the midst of an impassioned love song, the "villain" quietly stole into the room and unperceived by Nellie, sat there listening in rapt attention, gazing at her the while. Nellie being started, sang one song after another and did not leave the organ until she had sang all she could remember without her music. When she started to get up the "villain" quietly left the room. The girls had not intended remaining to supper, but Mrs. Pierson would not hear of their going so they stayed. At the supper table, the dark-eyed "villain" sat opposite to Nellie and Mr. Pierson senior was also present. The latter asked them various questions about their land. He seemed anxious to find out whether they intended living there after "proving up" or whether they wanted to sell right away and leave the country. Up to the time of this questioning, Nellie and Minnie had forgotten entirely that this was the enemy's camp, but now that they were reminded of it by these suspicious questions, they remembered Mr. Sawyer's warnings and answered guardedly. They wondered why he should so foolishly raise their suspicions by so soon showing his hand. After this their conversation turned upon their neighbor Sawyer and before they had left the table the girls were convinced that the only villain in that part of the country was Mr. Sawyer himself. It seemed that he had cheated the Piersons out of any amount of land for which they, the Piersons were having a law-suit. The old man confessed to them that he needed for plough land just such land as they had on their claim, and he told them that he would be willing to

pay them a good price for it after they proved up. He would have proved up on it himself, he said only that he had used up all his land right. How relieved the girls were now at understanding that these neighbors were *bona fide* friends and not "villains" in disguise as they had been led to believe. After supper there was more playing and singing in which latter performance the much maligned young man took active part. Then it was time to go home and the last mentioned individual, upon whom developed the task of conveying them home in his spring wagon, found the use of his tongue during the drive and proved himself a very bright and intelligent young man indeed.

VII.

After that memorable visit to the "enemy's camp" there was much travelling between Preston Gulch and the two claims on either side of it. The young "villain," now spoken of by the girls as "Alfred," seemed to find it necessary to make frequent trips across the prairie west of the little frame house, and it always happened that he came along just at those times that Nellie was working in her garden, and as she had suddenly become very systematic in her work, choosing the same hours every day, there was not much chance of their missing each other. Then he got to be a regular visitor at their house, coming there on some pretext or another most every day. Now it was prairie chickens that he wanted to get rid of, then it was some wood they had ordered, and sometimes his mother sent a pail of buttermilk or a message of some kind, and when he had no other excuse he was "just dropping in" because he "happened to be in the neighborhood." Now as he was always in the neighborhood, this last excuse did good service and soon became mutually understood without being uttered.

VIII.

The girls had always been curious to attend a dance in the wilds, and Alfred had promised to take them to the first one he heard of. So one day just after the first snow storm of the season, he came to the house to tell them that there would be a dance that evening. As it happened, Minnie was suffering with a severe headache and had no desire to go any-

where; so Nellie and Alfred were under the dire necessity of going by their two lone selves.

What a ride that was! Twenty miles of snow-covered prairie bounded by naught save the horizon. The fleecy sky overhead seemed but a reflection of the snowy plain beneath. Snow and sky, and sky and snow everywhere! Never was there a better opportunity for getting well acquainted. By the time they had reached the end of their journey, each had discovered new points of interest in the other's character and the mutual admiration had increased ten fold. When they reached their destination, it was eight o'clock and the dance had begun. The family giving the dance had charge of the post-office which was also the typical country store, and they lived in a couple of rooms over the store. While our travellers were taking some refreshments, they could hear the loud stamping of boots audible through the flooring of these rooms. Nellie thought it sounded like some cattle had been let loose in the store below and she hesitated about trusting herself to closer contact with such assertive shoe leather. Alfred, though, had imbued her with great confidence in his protective powers, so accompanied by him she made her way down a steep flight of stairs on the outside

of the house to the prairie below and through the snow around the corner of the house to the door of the store. Here, hitched to a line of posts were a number of horses and mules that were whinnying and braying at a great rate. It seemed as though these animals were taking advantage of the presence of so many of their kind to hold a mass meeting. Perhaps they were expostulating about a state of affairs that kept them out of the fun that was going on inside. They may have been led to conjecture from the heavy tramping noise heard within, that some more favored of their kind had been allowed participation in the festivities. Alfred opened the door and the two entered the ball room. Nellie involuntarily shrank back; the scene grated on her so emphatically. There seemed to be only men present and some of them were smoking. There were men lounging against the counter and men sitting on barrels, and men dancing, and men leaning against the walls with their hands in their pockets; and all kept their hats on. Besides Nellie and Mrs. Bromley (the store keeper's wife) there were only three other women present. Two of these women were pleasant looking country girls, stout and giggling; the third, a typical rustler, Widow Brown, who lived on a homestead in that part of the country, was endowed with sufficient manliness, accompanied with the requisite muscle, to do her own herding and farming, and on occasions, her own swearing. These three representatives of the gentler sex were seated on a board either end of which rested on a keg of salt fish. The board was already crowded so Nellie took possession of a keg of pickles which Mrs. Bromley pointed out to her. Many were the eyes that flashed upon Nellie when she entered the room, and Alfred Pierson, seeing this universal interest in his girl (as he secretly called her) glared at them all ferociously. He would have been glad of an excuse to fight them all single-handed. They, however, did not notice his glare for he was not the object of their interest. The room was dimly lighted by a lantern which occupied that end of the counter which attracted most of the loungers in the room. All evening a crowd was collected here throwing dice for candy and cigars. There was room for only one set of dancers at a time. The set now on the floor was composed entirely of men, half of whom had handkerchiefs tied to their arms to show that they were not gentlemen. The other half that were expectorating tobacco juice over the floor, had no way, as Nellie could perceive, of showing that they were gentlemen. These men were

filling in the time until there should be a sufficient augmentation of the feminine element to form a complete set. The caller of figures was a strapping young man of a blase appearance whose nonchalance of manner was only equalled by his style of calling figures. He was very original, inventing, apparently on the spur of the moment, some new way of calling the figures for every set. This was his last night in the wilds. He was going back East the very next day. "Pig in the pen three rails high! pig fly out, hog fly in!" Nellie at this time being one of the pigs referred to and Alfred the agile hog accredited with the power of flying, did not appreciate the caller's flowery (?) language.

"Meet your Daisy! Swing as yer go an' double the dose!" was not so bad, and "All take a walk!" was quite a respectable ending, considering that the antecedent pigs had been the subject of the caller's eloquence. This genius of the wilds occupied himself quite innocently during the intervals, in sucking numerous sticks of barber-pole candy in which he invested quite heavily throughout the evening, and shared with one of the buxom girls. Every time this young woman passed him in the dance there was an interchange of jokes.

that was bowing before her and the baby and the vinegar barrel against which she was leaning. He was of a different species apparently from the other men in the room. He looked as though he might have been just shot out of a band box all the way from Chicago or some other equally wonderful city. He had only just appeared upon the scene in company with a young man resembling him somewhat in make-up. He wore a standing collar of white linen and store clothes, and had a courtly air and nicely brushed hair, which latter was exposed to view owing to the unaccountable absence from his head of any kind of head-gear. Nellie danced with him several times during the evening and was relieved from apprehensions of being suddenly grabbed by the waist and unceremoniously whirled around, which was the style adopted by all but Alfred and the stranger. Mr. Pierson being her vis-a-vis on these several occasions, she was also relieved of other fears, such as contact with flying boots that performed most of the steps a few feet above the floor in mid-air. Alfred seemed to have been seized with a prejudice against the nice young man, for he scowled whenever meeting him in the dance.

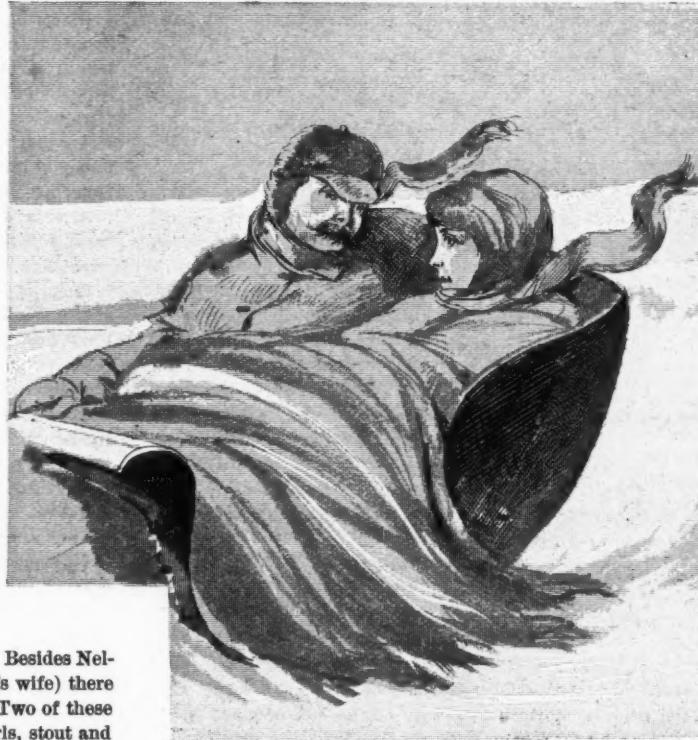
Soon after her arrival upon this lively scene, Nellie had been vexed that she had been induced to attend such a dance as this, but there she was and she could not see her way out of it, unless it was the door. So she tried to make the best of matters, bringing to mind that while in Rome one must follow in the footsteps of the natives. But finally she could no longer endure the tobacco smoke and close atmosphere which were making her feel faint and sick, and she expressed a desire to go home, which motion was eagerly seconded by Alfred. He, poor fellow, was becoming wonderfully jealous of the cityfied looking young man and had assumed quite the old villainous aspect, Nellie thought, as she observed him glaring at the stranger.

During the first part of the ride home Alfred was rather quiet; he felt aggrieved that Nellie had favored a "stuck-up" stranger with several dances. She did not improve matters either by remarking after a long silence, that the stranger was a beautiful dancer and that she had enjoyed dancing with him "so much." Nellie afterwards learned that this young man belonged to "one of the old families" of that part of the country. His folks were settlers of some six years standing, occupying one of the oldest sod mansions on the prairie. "Family will tell," thought Nellie, accounting thus for his superiority to others in the crowd.

During this ride home Albert informed Nellie that he was going to leave the country soon. She turned so pale and looked so grieved at this news that he was emboldened to ask her if she cared, and she could only answer him by her lips quivering and her eyes filling with tears, which encouraged him so much that he told her of his love for her. Before they reached Preston Gulch matters were all settled. As he was going to a Western town to occupy a position which had to be filled by the beginning of the next month, he urged upon her the necessity of giving up her claim and going with him. She finally consented to do this, and before Christmas, Nellie had married the dark-eyed "villain" and Minnie was left alone on the claim to try her luck at holding it down.

IX.

Before Minnie had been alone on the claim six months, the time required for proving up on a pre-emption, she too met the fate of her numerous predecessors. A nephew of Mr. Pierson, on his way to California, stopped at his uncle's for a short farewell visit. This nephew plunged head over heels in love with Minnie and prolonged his visit just long enough



"TWENTY MILES OF SNOW-COVERED PRAIRIE."

The music for the dancing was supplied by a fiddle in the hands of an energetic young man who played with much vigor if not grace. He kept time with his feet as did all in the room. One waggish fellow in a loud voice called for two cents worth of candy "to treat the crowd" then asked if some one in the crowd wouldn't lend him two cents to pay for it. This young man must have had a reputation for being funny, he worked so hard all evening to keep up this reputation. Evidently his reputation as the funny man had been long established, for no matter what he said, even when he meant to be serious, there was a laugh ready for him. Obviously too, there were others present who had the reputation of appreciating wit, and these two exerted themselves.

Two-thirds of the men seemed to have come for nothing else but the excitement of eating candy, throwing dice and smoking and spitting in company; at any rate that is all they did.

When the second set formed, Alfred had just stepped outside to attend to his team, and Nellie who was holding Mrs. Bromley's baby so that lady could dance was startled by an apparition, it seemed to her,

to capture her and carry her westward with him. Then Alfred who had not, done very well in the city, concluded to return to the wilds and take a homestead. The little frame house in Preston Gulch was, accordingly, enlarged and many necessary improvements made, and the happy couple were settled there before the end of that summer. The Piersons then came into possession of the plough land they had so long been "hankering after," and Mr. Sawyer's tale of the fated claim was considerably lengthened with an addition of his own to the effect that the Piersons, not being able to get possession of the plough land in any other way, had to cheat the girls out of it by marrying them.

A LEGEND OF THE YANKTONNAIS.

The following legend was told me by a half-breed scout over our camp fire at Muddy Creek, on the Sisseton Reservation, in Dakota:

"Many years ago, there were camped for their winter hunting a large band of Indians on the low wooded banks of the Cottonwood River, and day after day the smoke of a hundred tepee fires rose in their blue columns through the clear, cold air.

"Foremost among the young men was Sweet Corn, loved by all the tribe, kind to the old men and

shall not have this meat," and he tore it from the horse, cut it into pieces and strewed it in the dirt, leaving the old man again in tears of rage and disappointment. Then when Sweet Corn came once more and saw again the trouble, a strange light came into his eyes, but he only said, "My brother has cut your meat, you have only to clean it," and he took another lariat and after they had bound the meat, they started home together.

The camp was yet in the distance and the sinking sun cast long, yellow beams over the prairies, when Green Snake came up from behind and said to the old man, "You are bound to have that meat but I tell you that it shall never be smoked over your tepee fire." Then to Sweet Corn he said, "Why do you trouble about the old man's meat, when I, your brother, say he shall not have it?" And Sweet Corn the gentle, tried to reason with him but he could not and his face became sad as from a great pain and the terrible light again flickered in his eyes. And clutching more tightly his bow, he looked up and said, "Oh, my brother! you have made my heart black as the night. Is there no one of the many that hate you in the tribe to kill you? Is it so that the blood of my brother must be on my hands?" and like lightning three arrows flew from his bow. And the life of Green Snake went out. Going swiftly to camp, Sweet

back to the home of his tribe, in Minnesota, where no white man ever came before.

WM. S. HORTON.

THE CITY OF MISSOULA.

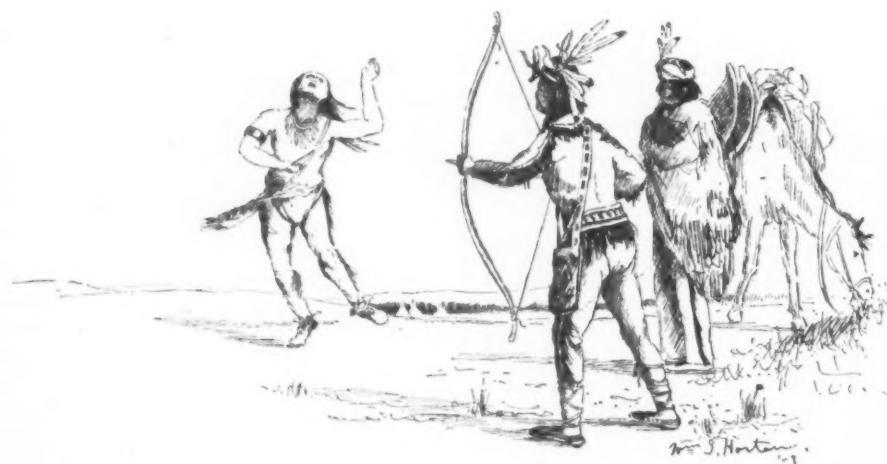
The growth of Missoula is remarkable. A city of about 7,000 souls, located on the banks of the Missoula River, on a broad, level plain, with wide streets, plenty of trees, many handsome buildings and busy, bustling people, it is a striking illustration of the thrift and enterprise of the great Northwest. Here, where a few years ago a brick building was hard to find, are now standing blocks of elegant and costly brick and stone structures which would be creditable to a city many times larger. Every one who lives in Missoula boasts with pride of the prosperity of the place, its attractive location and its bright future.

The first thing that attracts the observant visitor as he enters the town, is the extensive properties of the Northern Pacific Railroad company, its hospital, round-house, machine shops and immense yard. About a fourth of a mile from the depot is the business portion of the city, which is reached after a drive through well kept thoroughfares. The business blocks are costly and substantial and on nearly every corner new buildings are in course of construction, and some of them are beauties; particularly is this true of the Western National and Higgins' Western bank buildings, which are imposing structures. The Higgins bank is a granite building, three stories high, with a stairway entrance and large, highly-polished pillars at the entrance of the portico. The Florence Hotel is a large, three story structure which is the pride of Missoula. Orchards are plentiful here and various kinds of fruit are raised in abundance. The city is lighted by electricity and a street railway line is rapidly nearing completion. Missoula is far ahead of any town of equal size in the West. It supports three newspapers, which is the best evidence of the character of its people that can be advanced. It is in the center of an immense farming and timber region and is the supply point for these industries as well as the mining industry, which in Missoula county is in its infancy, but has already developed rich quartz properties. It is also destined to be a railroad center and even now several completed railway projects have their eye on Missoula as an objective point.

Missoula has had a long season of prosperity which seems to have just begun. Money is plentiful here, property is high and everybody is happy and contented and glad they live in Missoula, because they believe it to be the prettiest and best town in Montana. Her people are cultured, they dress well and seem to enjoy life and take pleasure in extending their hospitalities to visitors. Missoula is a city whose possibilities are unlimited and it will not be long before 15,000 population will be placed to its credit.—*Correspondence Helena Independent.*

NORTH DAKOTA FOR SHEEP.

North Dakota is soon to become one of the principal sheep raising States of the Union. The hilly or rolling lands of the central and western portions of the State are peculiarly adapted to this industry. The last territorial assessment roll shows that there were 43,644 head of sheep in North Dakota. This number has been doubled in the past few months. It is estimated that about 30,000 head have been brought into the counties along the Northern Pacific including and west of Stutsman county since the first of July last. Besides being well adapted to sheep raising, the western half of the State has the additional advantage of immense fields of lignite coal, and it is safe to offer the prediction, in stronger terms than mere prophecy, that within the next half a dozen years numerous small carding factories will be established at such centers as Minot, Dickinson, Mandan and Bismarck, and later on the hum of spindles and rattle of looms will be heard in the land of pure ozone and big Republican majorities.—*Devil's Lake Inter Ocean.*



"THREE ARROWS FLEW FROM HIS BOW AND THE LIFE OF GREEN SNAKE WENT OUT."

women, and an aid and comfort to all who were in trouble. But Sweet Corn had a brother, Green Snake; cruel, crafty and malicious; too lazy to work or kill his own game, and detested by old and young. Vast herds of buffalo roamed over the prairie on which lay the remains of the winter's snow in streaks and patches, and one day Sweet Corn went out to hunt and behind him, his face seamed and wrinkled with age and gray locks floating in the wind, followed an old man with a pack-horse. They had ridden for some time in silence when a herd was seen in the distance. With a sign of parting, Sweet Corn rode swiftly away, but soon came up with a huge bull's carcass which he gave to the old man, telling him to take it back to his children, and then he left him to his task of cutting up his meat with knives of shell and bone. Hardly had the old man begun his work when Green Snake, the wily, came up through the tall grass and said: "Old man, who gave you this meat?" and he answered, "Your brother, Sweet Corn, whom we love;" then the young man said "We will cut it up together." So Green Snake took the best of the meat and the hide and left the old man in tears, and when Sweet Corn came again and saw what his brother had done, he comforted the old man, saying, "Here is another buffalo, I will give you half;" and after helping the old man to bind it to the horse with a lariat of raw-hide, he left again, but scarce had he gone when Green Snake came up and said with an angry scowl, "So! you were not satisfied before; you

Corn stood before his four wives and said: "Make me moccasins quickly," and he left them and went to the woods, gashing his flesh and smearing the fearful wounds with mud, mourning the death of Green Snake, and when the moccasins were made he disappeared silently in the night, and the tribe mourned for him, and his wives cut off their hair and sang his death song morning and evening. But Sweet Corn traveled far away from the hunting grounds of his fathers. All through the long summer he journeyed, always eastward toward the sun, over burning plains and through the enemy's camp by night. He traveled till the gay moccasins, the last gift of his faithful squaws, were worn to shreds and the nights were cold and frosty and brown leaves were blown hither and thither by the dreary winds. Poor Sweet Corn! One day he sank down starved and exhausted on a hill to die; but seeing a higher hill beyond, he said: "There will I die." So he crept slowly on to the top and covering himself with his blanket sank again to the earth, but was soon aroused by a sound like thunder and looking down the other side of the hill, saw gleams of fire and smoke and white men in red jackets. These were the white spirits he had heard of, who breathed fire and smoke. Fainting with terror, the next thing he knew he was taken captive in the strange country of the white spirits, and slowly recovering from his terrible journey, Sweet Corn learned the white man's tongue and after many moons had passed he guided a band of white men

A HONIED ROMANCE.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

"Well, Doctor, I suppose I must submit, but don't draw the lines too tight."

"Um, I see. Got any relatives living on farms up in Minnesota or Wisconsin?"

"No, not one," the invalid answered, turning his head restlessly in the great lounging chair.

Doctor Hamilton twirled his eye glasses meditatively. "Any friends living on farms anywhere?" he asked presently.

"No," young Hastings answered slowly. "I—that is my mother is married a second time, and still lives on the old homestead, but the new relative-in-law and I don't love each other and therefore I wouldn't go there."

"Well," the doctor began thoughtfully, "you must have absolute rest of the mental faculties for about three months, you must have fresh air, and a plain, generous diet. All this you might get by boarding at some farm-house, but with your restless, active disposition this would be impossible. You must have some physical occupation that is an interest to you as well as a means of exercise. What do you like to do?"

"Win such a case as the Beckwith," Hastings cried springing forward in his chair, a bright spot flushing his hollow cheeks.

"Ah, yes, yes," Dr. Hamilton answered soothingly, laying his hand on the patient's arm. "That was for last winter. I knew at the time that you would win the case, and, moreover, I knew that it would bring you to this, if not worse. But now that it is won, and rest an absolute necessity before you can go on with your legal work, let us think of the most pleasant possible means of securing rest. Run back over your boyhood and see what kind of work or sport you most enjoyed."

Young Hastings closed his eyes as he rested back among the cushions. A faint smile stole around the corners of the mouth. Evidently the closed eyes were peering backward to some early frolics, and when he opened them, the doctor had anticipated his answer.

"Catch trout" he said, "if you will allow me to put the 'sport' foremost. As for real work, I did like to attend bees. My father always had from fifteen to twenty-five hives, and I tended them for a good many seasons. If I must go out for the summer, I should like to have the care of bees."

"Good!" the doctor cried "there couldn't be a better thing. Suppose we try to manage it. We might advertise. Or, here I have it! I want to get you up into the Minnesota lake district. There are floating apiaries, we will see if you can go along with some one of these, and you can find your fishing in the lakes after you get there. Talk about sport! The best days fishing I ever enjoyed in my life was catching black bass on Minnetonka. That was way back in the days when the May Queen was the biggest boat on the lake, and we took our bass to Chapman's at the head of the lake and they fried them for us." "Bass, dripping fresh from the cool water," continued the doctor meditatively, "is no mean dish, I can tell you."

Hastings' thin fingers worked nervously; already he was anxious to be off. Already he scented the piney odor of the woods, and the cool odorous air of the hollows brushed his cheeks as he tramped in imagination over swell after swell of tangled prairie grasses on his homeward way.

"Ah!" he sighed, with a slow, delicious sense of the possibilities before him, "An hour ago it seemed to me I could not leave my practice for even a few weeks, now it seems that I can not get onto my feet soon enough, in order to run directly away from it. Get me out of this, as soon as you can doctor," with animation, "and I will go wherever you direct."

"Spoken like a sensible fellow that you are!" Dr. Hamilton cried, rising and pulling on his gloves. "We will look up a veritable Arcadia, and have plans all ready for you when you are able to start."

A few days later an advertisement appeared which read:

"WANTED.—A position as manager or assistant in an apiary. Address R. this office."

In about a week an answer came. The writer said,

"I have a floating apiary that I intended to start from Memphis as soon as fruit bloom comes on, but a broken leg has laid me up. I have a bright colored man for assistant. Could accompany the barge, but can do no work. Could you take charge &c. &c."

Dr. Hamilton's patient was wandering restlessly about the house when he drove up and delivered the letter.

"Ah, Doctor, what a helper you are!" Hastings cried looking up from the letter. "I had no idea that you had advertised, and I had not found energy enough to do so. This is fine. I could not have planned a better. I am greatly obliged to you, and I will accept the offer immediately."

"Fruit bloom must be almost out down there, now," the doctor said, "you do not feel strong enough for the work, I fear?"

Hastings took another turn up and down the room.

"I shall be, once I get out of these four walls," he said, waving his long arms about. "There's nothing but madness for a weakish sort of body, if shut out from all active work. Yes, doctor, give me a few powders and a God speed and I'll take the train and run down there to-night."

The doctor shook his head, but he gave the medicines, and a much more friendly good by than mere professional duty called for.

That evening young Hastings started for Memphis. He would answer the letter in person.

**

Did you ever lie in a hammock under a broad awning, listening to the swish, swish of waters rippling about the bow of your boat, and the glad musical hum of scores of busy honey bees at work bringing in their stores?

Ah, well, then you have no conception of perfect, dreamy rest.

How these spring days went by. An Eden of perfume and sunny skies. And when the odor grew faint, and the little indicator on the scales that held one hive, showed that the flow of honey was falling off, the little tug pulled out in the darkness, taking its barge load of bees to a point some few miles further north, and again casting anchor.

Mark Hastings had made satisfactory arrangements with Mr. Fredricks, the bee-keeper; an elderly man, by the way, whose bones knit but slowly, but whose tongue was as lively as in youth, and who possessed inexhaustible stores of bee-knowledge, and the young frame had been taking in great draughts of health, in the capacity of "general manager of the barge bees" ever since.

There was no troublesome swarming of bees, no tin pans to beat, as in the old days, and no tree-shinnying after vagrant swarms, for each hive carried a queen with a clipped wing, and the little queen-cage at the entrance held her captive, whenever a swarm chose to issue, until another home was ready to receive her, or she was returned to her former home.

"I believe every colony should throw off one swarm in the spring if the honey-flow is good." Mr. Fredricks said, with a grimace as a sharp twinge ran through the injured limb. "We have just as many empty hives below as there are colonies on the barge. As soon as the first swarm is thrown off, I cut out all queen cells, introduce a queen from those little queen-hives yonder, and the work is done for the time being. Later on it will be necessary to cut out queen-cells again."

There is, perhaps, no living thing that can arouse as much interest, and so hold the attention as an apiary, supplied with modern conveniences, and stocked with the hardy, gentle carniolan bees.

Hastings could not recognize himself in the half idle, wholly occupied fellow who went in and out among the musical hives, or swung and dozed in the shade, lulled by the gentle motion of the water, and the happy drone of the home coming bees.

Now and again he found himself calculating the cost of such a trip, the amount of money that must be

invested in such an outfit, the income to be derived from it, and one's chance of resuming law practice, after a vacation of three months each year.

"I shall never feel like pacing the streets of St. Louis all summer after this taste of freedom," he muttered to himself, but his calculations always ended where they began. He had no exact data to figure from.

May had blossomed itself out, and June in all her glory, had dotted the waysides with tufts of white clover. The empty hives had all been brought up, and were now populous and noisy. In their place were rows of section crates filled with snowy boxes, and great cans of clear extracted honey. Young Hastings had learned the art of putting "sections" together, and the soft tap, tap of his mallet might be heard almost any day. Busy workers he found these passengers of his, and one must be right lively to keep ahead of them, and have always boxes with "starters" ready at hand.

They had been lying near some clover fields for a few days, but the late afternoon showed a smaller gain in honey than on previous days.

"We must get on," Fredericks said, limping out on his crutch. "We'll pull out about nine o'clock, when the workers are all in, and go up past the town. Good moonlight night, it's going to be. We can see when we are landing."

They started again up the river, but stopped for an hour or two at the town, and the moon, no loiterer she, went on and left them.

The first flush of dawn found them moored in a willow swamp a little way above the city.

"This will never do!" Hastings said, and aroused the pilot, and ordered the boat pulled out.

He sat on deck watching the western shore, and sipping a mug of hot coffee that the colored man had prepared, when he was attracted by the beauty of a ravine, and starting up, cried "I believe we have struck basswood?"

The pilot was signalled and the boat put in just below the mouth of a small sluggish river. Lowering the canoe, Hastings went ashore, and in five minutes ran back with beaming face. "Yes, here is bass-wood timber, lots of it" he cried, "and just bursting its buds. Make the boat fast, Dolson, we will stay here for some time."

After an early breakfast the hives were examined, crates of sealed honey removed, and their places supplied by crates of starters. Everything was in order, and as the day was clear and fine, Hastings took his gun and wandered away up the smaller river.

"Not the season for squirrel hunting," he muttered, "but I may get a shot at a gopher, possibly."

Up the ravine he tramped, lured on by the overhanging greenness, the pillared limestone rocks jutting out at every turn, the fringing hemlock, and the dainty springing ferns.

"Can it be that the world is filled with such beautiful spots," he cried, lifting his hat, as he stood gazing into the blossoming lindens overhead, "full of spots like this, yet people will crowd into the dusty towns, and spend a lifetime there. Shall I ever again feel a desire to go back to the noisy crowds. It seems not, now."

A sharp "caw" startled him. On a dead limb of a distant tree sat a dusky fellow calling hoarsely.

"A crow, as I live!" Hastings whispered, "I have not seen one in a dozen years. I'll try for a shot at him."

Cautiously he crept out around a jutting rock, up a little ravine, and out under the concealing limbs of a low spreading thorn. A sharp report, a smothered croak, and the bird fluttered to the ground.

Tearing through the under brush, he was almost upon his trophy when a young girl sprang one side with a somewhat startled expression. He caught up the dead crow, and turned to make his apologies.

"I hope I have not frightened you" he said. "I had no idea of finding any one in the ravine."

"The report of your gun startled me a little," the lady said, smiling. "We are camping just beyond here, and I came back here to see if any bees were left in the cluster."

"Bees!" Hastings cried, "how do bees come away off here?"

The young lady flushed, turning as if about to go. "We—we brought our bees out here and camped, partly for our own recreation, partly that the bees might gather honey," she said smiling, as she bowed him good day.

"Pardon me," he said, following her for a step or two, "I have just anchored a floating apiary at the mouth of the river below here. May I see your bees. I am greatly interested in the subject."

"At the mouth of the Masquoketa?" she queried stopping to stare wonderingly.

"Probably," he said, "if that is the name of this stream. We are anchored just at the mouth, on the Mississippi. We have five hundred colonies."

"Ah!" she murmured in awed wonder, "Certainly you may come up to our camp. We think we are doing wonders, we girls, to camp out here, and we have only twenty."

"Twenty girls?" Hastings queried, quizzically.

"Umh! worse than that, two girls and twenty colonies of bees."

"Ah, how very dull of me." Then they both laughed merrily, as they bent and dodged about under the low growing plum and thorn trees.

The visit at the camp proved a very jolly one, and the young man accepted an invitation to stay to dinner. He helped to cook the freshly caught cat-fish over a pile of glowing coals, and for meddling with the steaming coffee kettle received a blistered thumb. A very jolly time they had of it, and after the dinner had been disposed of, he examined the hives, and gave them many valuable hints on the care of bees.

As Hastings prepared to go, Dodo, the younger sister, said, "We will invite you to come up some late afternoon and stay until morning, if you can camp with Papa and Ted on straw ticks. They come out on freight trains every evening, and we have a big camp fire and sing and tell stories, and Dede," nodding to her sister, "and Ted play on their guitar and banjo, and papa plays beautifully on a harmonica—oh, we make these grand old woods ring, I can tell you. If you can accept camp fare, you are cordially invited."

As he took his way back to the boat, the dead crow swinging at his side, and a whirl of thoughts in his brain, he remembered that he had given his name, his residence, regular occupation, and his reasons for the summer outing, while he had learned absolutely nothing from the two discrete girls, not even their names.

But he noted with astonishment how rapidly an acquaintance may progress when people of like interests and occupations are accidentally thrown together.

There was little dreaming in hammocks after this for Hastings. Every moment on the boat he went about his work, or left directions for the colored assistant to carry out; then, gun in hand, he hurried off up the ravine. Little surprises of fresh fish, or rabbit, or grey squirrel brought down by his skill, he contributed to the feasts, and together they roasted them over the coals, as they browned their potatoes in the ashes. Delightful picnic dinners they had, and long post-prandial chats on bee-keeping. He told the young ladies—whose names he had been wholly unable to learn—the secret of clipping queens' wings, and helped them wonderfully, by clipping many of them himself.

The first evening spent in camp was indelibly impressed upon his memory.

He reached there shortly after the gentlemen of the party had arrived with fresh supplies from town, and they were all busy about the fire preparing the evening meal.

The wind came and went in the tree-tops like the wash of a far-away ebbing sea, the ruddy light leaped up in long forks, and the brown boles of the huge trees stood back like rows of moveless sentinels.

As he halted in the shadow of a great tree, he noticed Dodo's golden head turned quickly, now and then, toward the path by which he was to reach the camp.

"Is she watching for me?" he whispered. "I won-

der if she cares, the little wretch. What a tease she is, and how bright and brave."

Then he moved forward, the crunch of twigs proclaiming his presence.

The merry faces were all turned toward him and—was it the flush of the firelight that lit up Dodo's face so brightly?

"Oh, Mr. Hastings, you are just in time," she cried, holding out her hand. "Papa, this is Mr. Hastings, of whom you have heard. Mr. Hastings, allow me to present Mr. Wentworth, better known to you by the name of Ted."

After a cordial hand-shake, the supper was served on the long stationary table, out under the brooding trees, the sluggish river a belt of silver below them, and the camp fire throwing weird fantastic lights out into the shadows beyond.

Later the banjo was brought out and the evening given over to song and laughter.

Once or twice "papa" gave a quick turn of the head when addressed by young Hastings as "Mr. Wentworth." But he was used to the pranks of his merry daughters, and he wisely made no remark.

The tents were very comfortable indeed, and sleep after a day of tramping is always sound and refreshing.

When Hastings bade his friends good by in the early morning, he glowed with inward merriment as he addressed Dede as Miss Wentworth, and did not note the sudden start that Ted Wentworth gave, nor the admonishing shake of the head from Dodo.

"Good by for to-day, Miss Dodo, Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Ted," he cried shouldering his gun.

They waved him good by with invitations to come as often as he chose, and as he went whistling over the ridge he did not hear an amused giggle from the elderly man, as his daughters explained that he evidently considered Ted a brother, and the family all Wentworths.

"I'll keep up the joke now," Dodo cried, "he thinks he has outwitted us nicely, for he could not find out our names. He shall have the pleasure of believing his own deception," she said.

"I didn't quite know what he had—discovered." Ted said glancing up at Dede.

Dede blushed and stole a glance at her father's unconscious face. Ted was an adopted brother, to be sure and she could remember when she used to stab her fingers trying to make bags for his marbles, but when a distant relative of his had sent him across seas, a lad of sixteen and kept him there in college until he was twenty-two, she forgot the relationship by adoption, and remembered only that he was the dearest boy in the world. They were to be married by and by, and papa had signified his approval, but for all that, sensible Dede shrank from any jesting regarding a possible change of name.

"Basswood bloom holds on remarkably this year, seems to me," her papa remarked, covering any awkwardness of the pause. "You have been here ten days already." "I think it is going a little fast papa, and we will soon be home, now."

Ted glanced up with a pleased look. He would be glad to have the girls home again, much as he had enjoyed these evenings of gypsying, but Dodo followed with her eyes the faint trail out over the little rise of ground, and said nothing.

Four days more of busy work, of delightful calls from the stranger, of music, merry evenings, and then the honey flow was over and the little camp must be broken, the barge move on.

Hastings lingered at the last, and finally, as he saw the tents loaded on the heavy teams, he begged permission to visit the sisters on his return south.

Dede gave him a formal invitation, adding "You will find us at 279 Prairie Avenue. Papa, I am sure, will be pleased to see you."

Then the good byes were said, the great wagon lumbered away, and Hastings stood alone in the narrow beaten path.

"Ah, Miss Dodo, you had not a word of invitation for me, but I shall come and some day I shall ask you something that will—require an answer."

Then he snipped a rounded leaf from an overhanging linden tree, placed it between the leaves of his note book, murmured "bless the bass-woods and the bees, anyway," and tramped off down the river.

After this there was lounging on the barge, and long, dreamy swings in the hammock, from which he would spring to pace restlessly up and down on the open space between the rows of hives.

A strange abstraction had come over the energetic fellow. In vain the soft breeze wooed him, or the shy raccoon called with his rounded cry. His lines were forgotten, and his gun left unloaded. He only watched dreamily the castellated crags of Trempealeau or sighed as the bold front of "Maiden Rock" stood out against the sky.

"Its likeler not you caught malaria up that muddy river, so much of your time," Fredericks growled, looking keenly in his averted face. "Did you sleep on the ground them nights you's gone?"

Hastings nodded, and went off to take some full combs to the extractor. A half hour later, when the subject had dropped out of his mind, he came over near the old man, and for a minute was puzzled by the remark. "Then that accounts for it. I don't doubt you caught suthin' you'll never get over up in them woods."

"I'm afraid I did," he answered, half laughing, as he caught his breath with a quick sigh, drawing up another heavy comb.

The trip was ended, the last stop made, and the summer nearly over. Hastings had promised himself that he would see Minnetonka and he hastened out there. The crowds at the beach were thinning, the great hotels looked almost desolate, and many of the beautiful cottages were closed and still. Avant couriers of Autumn had dabbled the forests with splashes of red, and here and there stray gleams of gold caught the sunlight through the clear blue air. The atmosphere was like nectar, like strong exhilarating wine, and as Hastings trod the deck of the St. Louis,—what St. Louisan would not choose his city's namesake—besides he was stopping at Excelsior—he felt a strange glow, an assurance that all things were possible, that, tho' he had been caught in the toils of fate, all would yet work out to the results most desirable.

What makers of courage and cheer, of heroism and generosity, are the clear sunshine and bracing air of our northern lakes.

If we could all flee to the piney solitudes, to clear days, and nights of calm, when the burdens are heaviest, how might we drink in strength to bear, and courage to conquer.

And yet, there are times when even the pride of lakes can not offer a panacea, and as Hastings gave a parting glance before leaving the boat he told himself that not Twin Springs Park, no, not with all its beauty, could never equal that grand old park by the slow flowing river.

I wonder if the balance would not have been in favor of the lake if a certain golden head had been there, and certain blue eyes had found themselves copied in its blue depth?

Perhaps.

Trains nullify distance. Hastings fell asleep dreaming of the linden park, and awoke with a start as the porter touched his arm. "Train be in five minutes, sah!" he said and passed on, and ten minutes later Hastings found himself standing on a platform in the dusk of a very dark night, staring hopelessly at a little eating house over the way, where a sleepy waiter seemed to be moving slowly about.

"Too late to go to bed, and too early to go anywhere else," he growled, striding up and down the long platform.

Morning came at last, tho' it seemed to be delaying for an eternity of time, and Hastings breakfasted and strolled out to find "274 Prairie Avenue."

The place was easily found, and a plump Bridget answered the bell.

"Does Mr. Wentworth live here?" he inquired, a queer little sense of terror about his heart.

Bridget eyed him in that slow, curious way peculiar

to her class, and answered: "Mister Winthwerth? That same he does."

"Are the young ladies in?" he next ventured of the oracle of the door.

"Indade they are, thin." She stood squarely in the doorway and offered no further suggestion.

"Will you please give Miss Wentworth my card?" he asked, handing her one. "Sure there's no Miss Wentworth lives here, at all," she said slowly, eyeing it with shaking head.

"I thought you said the young ladies were in."

"There's no liddies av that name, shure. He's a single gentleman, that he is," and she closed the door.

Hastings was nonplussed. Had he made a blunder, was the name really Wentworth after all? Had those girls outwitted him? He turned and walked slowly down the street, and into the nearest grocery. Taking out a memorandum he seemed to study it carefully. "I am a stranger in town," he began, addressing the man of codfish and molasses, "and have lost an address,—a—a package for—for Miss Dede——um—ah, I don't recall the name but I have the number here, 274 Prairie Avenue, can you give me the name of the family living there?"

The grocer came over and leaned heavily on the counter. "Two hundret unt seventy-four?" he repeated. "I tont know. Vat kint off a house vas doze?"

"I really don't know," Hastings said, suppressing a smile.

"Was id a pig preek—or dose shmall prown frame—or"

Hastings cut him short. "Young Ted Wentworth lives with them," he said, "do you know him?"

"Ach, Tet Ventvoort vas id. Tet Ventwort? Nine, I know no Ventwort. Ah, shtop, I have him. It vas Tet Keelmoore dot you means, eh? Tet Keelmoore lef in dose peeg preek on dot corner, mit dose peeg yart, und grapes und pee hifes in dose pack yart. Dose vos heem, unt Tede Keelmore vas te young laty vot vor you got dose package. Dots heem! dots heem. Meester Keelmoore you vas after, ha, ha, ha!"

The rubicond grocer straightened himself, and shook his fat sides. Evidently it struck him as being very funny.

Hastings thanked him and passed out. In his confused state what little brain he might have at any time imagined himself possessed of, refused to translate into recognizable English the curious name that rolled so volubly from the German's heavy lips, but he walked back. Evidently he had discovered the house where the bewitching Dodo lived, the account of the bee-hives among the grape vines settled that, and he would find some solution of the German problem.

Meeting a little urchin as he neared the house, he asked the owners name, taking a nickle from his pocket as he did so.

The lad's eyes brightened, and without an instant's hesitation he answered. "That house sir? John Smith sir," then he made a spring for the nickle but Hastings put it deliberately back in his pocket with a low "No sir, I never pay a premium for falsehood," and the lad steered away down the walk.

"Neither for love nor money can I find out that name," Hasting thought, but he kept straight on. "I might tell that map of Dublin that I was the gas man, and succeed in entering the house—and telling the truth at the same time."

He started up the walk, glanced at the open window and for one instant stood still in gladness and surprise. Dodo stood by the window gazing steadily down the street. Then she saw him, and he read his welcome in her radiant face.

A very different waiter met him at the door, and ushered him into the drawing room. The older sister was called, and before he was aware of the passing time he was fairly taken out to the mid-day lunch.

"Papa's office is so far away that he cannot come at noon, so we make a fashion of necessity and dine at six," the elder sister explained, as they were seated at the table.

After lunch these amateur bee-keepers wandered ut into the grape grown garden to talk over the



AUTUMN WOODS.

summer's yield of honey, and—well, no matter how it came about, two of them happened to sit down in the rustic arbor, and the conversation took another drift, and—

What did they say?

Just as though I should ever tell you one word of the ever new old sweet story, or how she said him yes.

"Good heavens!" you cry, how could a man make love in a yard full of buzzing bees, and I will answer you "Good heavens!" what can prevent a man from telling his love so only it be deep and true.

"But you know absolutely nothing of me," Hastings whispered, afraid that some day she might repent her trust.

"I know you" she said softly, "that is enough. If I needed to know more I would ask that Doctor Hamilton I have heard you speak of. He is my dead mamma's only brother, beside," she added with a mischievous side glance, "I was at Uncle Hamilton's last winter, and left only the day after you won that famous case."

"Ah, you little sinner!" he cried, making prisoners of her hands, "and now may I please know the name of my promised wife?"

I suppose she told him, for certain I am that I "danced at the (double) wedding," and that the law firm of Wentworth and Hastings is one of the most popular young firms in a city within easy reach of a camp ground under the giant lindens.

A SUMMER DREAM.

I watch the sun at morning
As it climbs o'er hill and glen,
And I hear the song-birds singing—
The robin, lark and wren.

I heard the lone pine sighing
When the wind blows through its leaves,
Like the wail of some one dying,
When its voice floats o'er the breeze.

I watch the foaming river
That goes bounding by my door,
And I often, often wonder
How soon 'twill reach the shore.

How soon 'twill reach the great beyond,
'Midst the ocean's whirling foam,
And I wonder if all our lives are thus,
In rushing to that Home.

J. TREMAINE KEEGAN.
Wallace, Idaho, Aug., 1889.



THE FARMER'S WIFE.

"Come Mary, get up, it's five o'clock
And the work must be going, you know.
I didn't sleep much and am awfully tired;
Believe I'll rest for a minute or so."
He composes himself for his morning nap,
While poor Mary, with throbbing head,
Drags her weary limbs to the kitchen cold,
For the work must be going, he said.

She kindles the fire tho' fingers are numb,
She's cheered by the crackling blaze,
And stifles the murmuring that would come,
For her weary nights and days.
"For life isn't so bad as it might have been,
And many a woman would envy me
This good farm house and food and clothes—
For hundreds have none," thought she.

"But oh! the dreary round of endless work—
Never an hour of needed rest,
And the standing complaint of things not done
When before God! I've done my best
Well, then! I am counting my miseries o'er
With never a thought for the good
The Lord hath given to comfort my heart—
Mothers cannot be sad if they would."

"For three sweeter children God never gave
To cheer a mother's weary heart,
So for the little ones I will be brave
Though I must do more than a woman's part."
The hired man came with the milk pails full,
Breakfast tempting and cheery laid—
The rough farmer partook in usual mood,
"Mary, is my over-all not yet made?

"Where is the woman? She's never around—
She ought to be here to tend to her work.
In the hull country there cannot be found
A woman that better knows how to shirk.
Ah! here you are on the children's bed!
This is doing your work with a pretty grace!"
And turning her over with no gentle hand—
The kindly sun shown on her dead face!"

HARRIET L. INMAN.

Impure Breath.

There are few things more annoying both to the person possessing it and friends than a foul breath. It may proceed from illness, a neglected state of the stomach and bowels or from decayed teeth. In each case there is a remedy, and seemingly no excuse for inflicting this trial upon other people.

When it originates from the bowels, a mild cathartic should be taken, until the bowels perform their duty as they should.

If it arises from the teeth, washing the mouth with a very weak solution of lysterine will remove it.

Any defect in teeth should be attended to at once. In fact, once in six months is not too often to have them well overlooked. By neglect, nice teeth have been allowed to go to decay that would, with care, have lasted a life-time.

Good to Travel On.

There are three trades or avocations that afford those engaged in them opportunity to travel and see the world, and these are the printers, the cooperers and the barbers. In either case, a man, master thereof, can visit any portion of this country and always be certain of work. The typist can walk into any English printing office in the country, or the world, for that matter, and earn his supper. He can shift from Maine to California, from Manitoba to Florida, and, wherever he goes, find work. He needs no letters of credit, none of recommendation, for he has the available knowledge. The same is true of the cooper. Where barrels are to be put together there he can find employment. And what with beer barrels, flour barrels, whisky barrels and sugar barrels, there are always barrels to make. Likewise the barber. Let him walk into a shop in Portland, Ore., or Portland, Me.; into one at New Orleans or Duluth, it matters

not, a good barber can as easily shave the attenuated cheek of the Yankee as the dark visage of the Creole, and need never want employment. The clerk, the cashier, the salesman, the bookkeeper, the writer, all must have longer time to manifest their capabilities, must have a measure of acquaintance, must have that which we know as confidence; but these three, the printer, the barber and the cooper, need no character from their last employer.—*Toledo Journal*.

Drop the Diabolical Names.

From what I saw this summer and other summers I protest against the tendency in Oregon, Yellowstone Park and California to give diabolical names to mountains, ravines, and hot fountains. The guide showed us what is called the "Devil's slide," the "Devil's half-acre," the "Devil's mush-pot," the "Devil's pulpit," the "Devil's saw mill," and hearing a shrill whistle in the distance we were informed that it was the "Devil's tea kettle." Seeing some black water rushing from a fountain from which the people of the neighborhood and tourists dip up genuine ink, we were told that it was the "Devil's ink-stand." We protest against this surrender of the geysers of Montana and California to the arch-demon. I wish that some one with a vein of poetry in his mind and the faith of God in his heart would come round some day and passing among the geysers, with a sprinkle of hot steam would baptize them with a Christian name. Let us ascribe to Satan nothing that is grand or creative or wise. He could not make one of these crystals. He could not blow up one of these bubbles on the spring. He does some things that seem smart; but taking him all in all he is the biggest fool in the universe. If the devil wants to boil his "tea kettle," or stir his "mush-pot," or whi l his "grist mill," let him do it in his own territory. Meanwhile let the water, and the fire, and especially the vapor, at the lift of David's orchestral baton, Praise the Lord!—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage*.

Fruit a Perfect Food.

Some people are afraid to eat fruit, thinking that fruit and diarrhoea are always associated, when, if

ripe, but if it were in daily use from youth to age there would be less gout, gall-stones and stone in the bladder. Stewed apples, pears and plums are favorite articles of diet. For breakfast or luncheon, in the dining room or in the nursery, there are few table dishes more wholesome and more delicious than well-stewed fruit served up with cream or custard.

There are many persons, however, who cannot eat it on account of the acidity of the fruit or the excess of sugar necessary to make it palatable. Sugar does not, of course, counteract acidity; it only disguises it and its use in large quantities is calculated to retard digestion. The housewife may, therefore, be grateful for the reminder that a pinch, a very small pinch, of carbonate of soda, sprinkled over the fruit previous to cooking, will save sugar, and will render the dish at once more palatable and more wholesome.—*Medical Classics*.

Magnetic People.

People are always talking about personal fascination, as though it were some occult quality of which no account can be given. Some are born magnetic, they say, and some are not, and with the vague term magnetic, they hand the matter over to the world of mystery. Young girls, for example, are in a state of chronic bewilderment over the puzzle of this question. They see one of their mates making a ten-strike among the men at a ball. How does she do it? they cry. She is not half so pretty as Ellen Jones or Mary Alcott, and there they sit in the corner. She is not as sweet and amiable as this one, as sensible and true as that, and yet, were she honey and the men bees, no more lively swarming would be witnessed. There is no use trying to find out the secret; she has the occult quality of magnetism and that is all that can be said. No, young ladies, you are simply on the wrong scent. Very likely the open secret lies in no charm of beauty or intelligence, but in a quick and electric vivacity of spirits, that acts like a breeze on the sluggish water, making the waves begin to skip and dance, and so producing an exhilarating effect all round. Now, what is there



A CONFESSION.

"Barnes said you were at the theatre last night with old Burlington's niece, the mystic heiress. Is she as much on looks as reported?"
"I, well,—really you know—cawn't say, me boy,—really can't say."
"Can't say! Why man, its already reported you're engaged to her. Havn't you discovered whether she's good looking or not?"
"Well, really, you know, I havn't. Her face is so covered with freckles, you know, that you can't see enough of it to tell."

on the face of the earth, people so crave as to be exhilarated, and so delivered from the oppression of lumpishness and stupidity? These young fellows feel this in the depths. They are bashful, paralyzed and have nothing to say. Suddenly this young girl wakes them up and they find themselves laughing and rattling away. The blood is circulating, the feet are dancing, the sense, or nonsense, is streaming merrily through their brains. No wonder each one wants to get into contact with this electric battery. The secret of personal fascination always lies in one single point, that is, in power to excite in another person happy feelings of a high degree of intensity and to make that person identify such feelings with the charm and power of the cherished cause of them.

Some Dietetic Errors.

A medical writer in the *New York Independent* thus combats some popular dietetic errors: Much is said about brown bread being the better, whereas the most we buy is brown, because a little bran has been mixed with poor flour and sweetened with molasses. Even if made from good material, it is now possible by improved methods of milling to remove the hull so thinly as not to remove the oil or phosphate beneath it. We are told that hot bread is unhealthy; whereas that depends entirely on circumstances. It is chiefly so because, if not mostly crust, the inside part is not so likely to be well chewed. Hot bread or biscuit, properly made and properly chewed, agrees with many persons who do not so readily digest dry and stale bread. Pie crust is universally condemned. To many it is indigestible because the fat worked into it is not easily separated in the stomach. Yet good pie crust, properly made, is well digested by good, healthy stomachs.

How to Save Doctors' Bills.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in regular condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth almost closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

Care of the Hair.

At the very lowest calculation about thirteen hundred and seven inquiries per week are made of the various scientific, family and agricultural papers of the country "how to prevent baldness;" and to each of these inquiries a wise, solemn, bald-headed old gentleman, who attends to the "Query" department, will give an answer embodying an infallible means



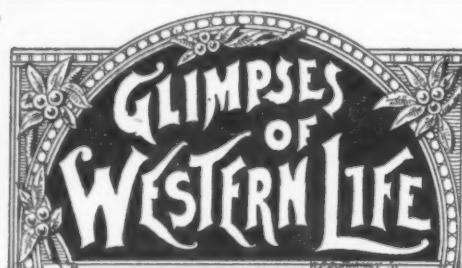
ÆSTHETIC ARCHITECTURE IN LOGS.—A COTTAGE AT TOSTON, MONTANA.

of accomplishing this desirable object; yet, to try to put his directions into practical use involves more trouble than the querist cares to take, and generally proves a delusion. Some medical journals have for some months past been discussing this question. Among the latest contributions is an article by Dr. E. B. Ward, in the *Medical Age*, in which he charges the prevalence of baldness to the "hot hat" and the barber. "The boy brought up in the average family of to-day," he writes, "has his hair cut early and often until he catches on to the close cut, which he keeps up until about the time he reaches maturity when he finds his hair coming out and growing thin on the top. Then he becomes alarmed and struggles to regain his covering, and the barber helps him with hair tonics, shaving and shampooing, until the poor over-stimulated hair follicle gives up the ghost and dies from exhaustion. Did you ever notice that a close-shaven lawn will not survive the slightest drouth, while on a neglected one the same grass is hard to kill out, even when you try to do so? So with the constantly stimulated hair follicle. But right here some one asks, why does not the beard fall off? It does if kept shaven, but not, perhaps, to the same extent as the hair, because it is constantly exposed to the air, and further, the beard differs from the hair in that it is coarser and dips deeper into the cutaneous tissues. It is, so to speak, the marsh grass of the hirsute headlands, while the hair is the cultivated portion. * * * It must be admitted that the hot hat has a deal to answer for in this matter, for it is not an uncommon thing to see the boundary line between the hat and the hair well marked. Still, the 'greasers' in Mexico wear a leather sombrero with impunity, but they never cut their hair to any considerable extent, and they are not bald. * * * Women are not bald because they wear nothing, or next to nothing, on their heads and do not cut their hair." Although the non-cutting theory is opposed to the general idea that cutting "strengthens the hair," yet there seems to be something in it. I believe, however, that there is another and more universal cause of the spread of baldness. I believe it to be due to the barber, but not from the use of his shears. It is the barber's brush that does the mischief. He does not know, of course, of the evil consequences of "one brush for all." But the injurious results are accomplished, nevertheless, and by the very simple process of transferring the cause of the disease from the "sick" hair or scalp to the healthy hair or scalp; that is all. Innumerable explanations are abroad; but this one; which, although not new, seems the most reasonable. Innumerable remedies have been suggested, but the merit of simplicity of expedient is found in the easy means of having one's own brush at the barber's, where, in addition to all the ordinary cleanliness of the place, the superadded one of the "personal" rather than

the "promiscuous" brush will prove a source of comfort and safety and be instrumental in preventing baldness.

The Pie's Place in History.

Secretary Rusk is fond of pie. He loves pie as William the Conqueror loved the tall deer. Unlike the Norman, he does not want to prevent anybody else satisfying the taste that dominates him. On the contrary, he would like to see pie on every table in the land, however humble. There are those who say that pie three times a day is responsible for the dyspepsia of New England, but the more rational belief is that pie is somehow involved with the greatness of New England, and is part of that common glory which gilds our history and irradiates the path of our future. While it is by no means fixed beyond controversy, there is yet reasonable grounds for belief that the Pilgrims brought over pie with them in the *Mayflower*. Certainly there were mighty pasties of venison, and also of fruit, baked in merry England not long before they went to Holland. The Indians never knew pie; and the Indians who were strong and warlike when the Pilgrims landed are now a weak and vanishing race, whereas the descendants of the Pilgrims possess the land. This coincidence will not be lost to thoughtful minds. Pie and precedence go together. The men who faced the British at Concord, the men who toiled all night at Bunker Hill and fought all the next day were pie-eaters. Massachusetts was the great pie-eating State, and Massachusetts furnished more men than any other State to the Continental army. There are several allusions to pie in Washington's correspondence. He notes on one occasion that his cook had fallen upon the discovery that apples could be made into pie. Is it not a fair presumption that this secret was imparted to him by some New England soldier? Washington's life guard was largely made up of New Englanders, and was first commanded by a New Englander. He loved pie, and he felt himself safe when encircled by the swords of a hundred pie-eaters. New Englanders have developed the West and have carried the flag and the pie to the Pacific. What was sectional has become national; pie and progress and patriotism are convertible terms. Secretary Rusk does well to encourage pie, strictly as an administrative measure, for wheat and meat, and fruit and berries, all great products of the field and the orchard, by the alchemy of the kitchen are converted into pie. The Secretary of Agriculture could do no less than indorse pie, but we believe his endorsement is rather due to the pardonable pride of the patriot than the cold forethought of the administrator. When the wise secretary was governor of Wisconsin he put down the anarchists with an iron hand. They rose against law, property and morality. Not one of those men had ever eaten pie.—*Boston Transcript*.



SHAKER MURCH.

It happened down at Beaver Gulch, along about last June,
The feller that I'm talkin' of his name was "Shaker"
Murch;
He had the quick consumption, an' he calcinated soon
That he'd lose his hold on ev'rything an' topple off the
perch.

He was a very gamy man, an' great at shakin' dice;
He didn't mind what chances—he'd shake for anything.
He'd nary a religion, an' wouldn't take advice,
But he'd shake you for a "tenner," or a shave, or whiskey sling.

But the creepin', durn consumption kep' a comin', comin' fast;
Yet he hobbled roun' the camp as though he wasn't
any "skeert,"
An' every day the boys they thought was surely "Shaker's" last;
But his eyes wuz still as knowin' an' his smile wuz just
as "peert."

Now "Shaker" come one evenin' to the undertaker's
"joint,"
Where the boys were playin' euchre just to while the
time away.
He looked as thin as though he had been whittled to a
point,
But he tipped his hat quite smilin' as he passed the time
o' day.

An' he set to the proprietor, see he to "Mournful Si":
"The doctor 'lows I'm goin' cuz I'm rattlin' in the throat.
So I thought I'd drap in social, as I was passin' by,
An' take the 'bones' an' shake you for a 'wooden overcoat.'"

So out they got the dice an' shuk. The first "hoss" wuz
on "Si."
The second "hoss" on "Shaker," an' the int'rest growed
intense;
But "Shaker" took the dice-box 'n cocked his swivel eye.
An' the next round fetched the coffin at "Mournful
Si's" expense.

Then he shook "Si" for a tombstone, an' handly he won.
He shook him for a burial lot, an' made the rifle there;
Then shook for funeral charges, an' "Mournful Si" was
done,
An' he cussed the "bones," an' called 'm a delusion an'
a snare.

I left 'em there ashakin', the boys all clustered by;
I didn't wait to see the end, becuz 'twas gettin' late.
But when I left the winner wur offerin' with "Si"
To shake him for his chances at St. Peter's golden gate.
—Chicago Mail.

A Chinese Free Mason's Funeral.

A Chinaman from Moreland, who was a member of the order of "Free Masons," was buried on Sunday. The Rocky Mountain band, resplendent in its new gold-trimmed uniforms, headed the procession, followed by the hearse, pall-bearers with strips of white muslin across their shoulders, a load of bedding, roast pig, etc., and several carriages containing Chinamen who flung to the breeze bits of brown paper, upon which characters not unlike characters of the Morse alphabet were punched.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

An Indian Feast.

A roving band of about a score of Indian bucks, squaws and papooses have been camped about two miles down the river for several days. As usual, their tents were pitched conveniently near a slaughter house, that they might feast on the savory and succulent intestines and other offal of slaughtered animals. Monday evening, parties passing the camp might have seen an interesting sight. A pile of dry brush was covered with big and little guts, neck and other meat which is deemed too coarse and disflavored for the delicate palate of the white man. The

brush was fired, and while the meat cooked the Indians sat round the rudely improvised stove with legs crossed, mouths watering, eyes expectant, and appetites sharpened by the expectation of the feast in store for them.—*Jamesstown (N. D.) Alert.*

How a Cabman Made \$4,000.

These are great days for cheek and making money without nothing, says an Oregon paper. A Portland cabdriver inspected a farm at Columbia Slough near that city with a view to purchasing. As the owner took him for a capitalist he was very willing to listen to overtures for selling out. The bargain was closed. The price, \$18,000, was to be cash down. The cabman returned to town, obtained a clean new buggy and drove a money lender out to the ranch. How "much would you lend on the fine ranch?" "Twenty-two thousand," was the reply. The cabman has the ranch and \$4,000 in cash.

Animals Disappearing.

Fifty years ago the United States was the home of a large number of peculiar wild animals. Unless a national preserve comes to the rescue very soon, another decade will see them nearly all extinct. The grizzlies are disappearing from the Rockies. Live buffalo are now worth from \$500 to \$1,000 apiece, which three years ago cost scarcely one-fifth that amount, and they are found almost nowhere but in a corner of Texas and in the Yellowstone Park. The caribou has been hunted almost out of existence. The mountain sheep, the moose, the beaver, the antelope, are all disappearing.

Doubt Cast Upon Sitting Bull's Bravery.

W. H. Mosher, of Ypsilanti, Mich., was formerly in charge of a store at Standing Rock Agency, Dak., and among his frequent visitors were Sitting Bull, Gall, Red Cloud and others of the famous personages of the Sioux tribe. Mr. Mosher has the following to say regarding Sitting Bull's claim to honors in the Custer fight:

"Sitting Bull has become famous as the hero of the Custer battle on the Indian side, but the fact is that he was not in the fight at all. I can understand Sioux well and speak it fairly. One night Sitting Bull and Gall met in my store and were for over an hour discussing the details of the battle, and once or twice almost reached a fighting point. Gall was making an attack on Sitting Bull for attempting to steal his bravery.

"The fact is that Sitting Bull was the first Indian to reach a telegraph station with the news of the massacre, and he made the most of his opportunity. He pictured himself in the thickest of the fight, and had scalps with him to prove it, but they were all secured after the battle and not in it. Sitting Bull was not in the fight, but watched it from a bluff some distance off. At its close he rushed down and took three or four scalps and then rode away and painted himself a hero. At least this is what the Indians say. Gall was the actual leader, and is regarded as a very brave warrior. Sitting Bull was merely a medicine man, and had the reputation of being a coward."

Two Hundred and Twenty-five Salmon a Minute.

"The thing that amazed me most on the Pacific Coast," said a tourist, "was the Oregon salmon fisheries. Think of 4,000 men doing nothing for several months in the year but catching, cleaning and canning salmon, and you may grasp some little idea of the stupendous character of these fisheries. I visited a wheel fishery near Dallas City. Imagine a wheel forty feet in diameter and eight feet across the face, resembling an immense water wheel. Instead of paddles this wheel is fitted with three buckets, made of coarse and strong wire screening. The wheel is fastened to a shaft, to which is fastened machinery that lowers and raises it at the will of the operator. The buckets are so constructed that anything that enters them is thrown toward the center of the wheel and to one side, where there is an opening above the water line that leads to a large tank. The buckets

open down stream. When in operation the wheel is lowered six feet into the river, up which the salmon are making their way in untold numbers. The force of the water revolves the wheel, the average revolutions being five per minute. As it turns the buckets scoop up the salmon, which are forced back and out of the opening in the side of the wheel into the receiving tank. One bucket may safely be calculated to run into the tank seventy-five salmon a minute, or 225 a minute for the three."

Autumn in Montana.

We have often spoken of the beautiful Italian skies of Montana, of the golden autumns, eclipsing anything to be found elsewhere in Nature, but the month of October, up to the present writing, rather excels anything we have ever known before. The weather up to date has been unprecedentedly sunny, and even now while we write it is as warm as summer and there is not a cloud in the sky. The frost has turned the leaves of the willows that fringe the streams coursing down the mountain sides and across the valley into a golden hue, and the grass lands into a brown, yet all is delightful and scarcely less beautiful than in June, when everything was robed in the deepest dye of changeless green. So many sunny autumn days have scarcely ever been witnessed before, and a season of such uninterrupted mildness affording an opportunity for the prosecution of fall work, has never before been witnessed. We know of no country beneath the shining sun where the weather can excel the present. The frosts, to be sure, came earlier than they sometimes do. We have in the past seen them hold off until the first of November, and enjoyed cucumbers and tomatoes during October and seen fair crops of oats harvested in November. But for all that we have never known a greater succession of bright sunny days than we are now enjoying.—*White Sulphur Springs (Mont.) Husbandman.*

A Gigantic Wolf Drive.

A big wolf drive by several hundred stockmen, cowboys and sportsmen took place in southern Wyoming recently. The drive resulted in the extermination of all the coyotes and gray wolves in a large district, and afforded unique sport for the participants in it. The district swept by the drive is watered by numerous creeks, along which are rich stock ranches. The country is hemmed in for its entire length by a range of limestone cliffs, known as Chalk Bluffs, in which are hundreds of small caves and dens. In these gray wolves and coyotes hide. During the present season their numbers have increased largely, and the losses of the stockmen from their constant preying upon young calves and colts have been excessive.

At daylight from every ranch between Cheyenne and the Nebraska line, thirty miles distant, stockmen and cowboys took the field against the wolves. They were reinforced by 200 horsemen from Cheyenne and had as spectators a large delegation of business men and ladies, who drove to the starting point. At 7 o'clock the long line of riders, under command of ten captains, moved forward. All the known haunts of the wolves were scoured by men and dogs. Slinking coyotes and defiant wolves broke from cover and ran for the protecting caves of Chalk Bluffs. Occasionally the hounds turned a wolf toward the riders and brought him to bay. The expert cowboys would throw their lariats around the wolf and drag him to death across the prairie. The drive lasted until noon. At points of rendezvous in the valley, skirted by the bluffs, were barbecued steers and coffee for the hunters. The afternoon was devoted to smoking out the wolf dens and killing their occupants. Where flames and smoke failed to drive out the wolves charges of dynamite were exploded, tumbling down portions of the cliffs and burying the wolves in the ruins.

Taken for a Clergyman.

A Black Hills correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* writes: They tell a good story in this connection regarding Mr. Leiter of Chicago. He was out

through these hills prospecting, dressed in gentlemanly garb, and with the dignified yet gentle bearing that is his. At a certain point the stage was upset, not an uncommon occurrence, but quite a startling one. Mr. Leiter distinguished himself by his utter silence under the trying circumstances and by the gallantry with which he assisted the ladies of the party. After all had been straightened up again a red-shirted miner who had been watching the Chicago capitalist said to him: "Stranger, will you take a drink?" at the same time producing an old flask.

"Thank you," was the courteous reply, "I don't drink."

The miner subsided for a moment, and then taking out a villainous looking cigar, said, "Well pard, will you have a smoke?"

"I appreciate your kindness, sir," said Mr. Leiter, "but I rarely use tobacco and do not care to smoke at present."

The miner looked surprised. Presently they all alighted and partook of dinner in a rude frontier eating house at \$1 a meal. When Mr. Leiter came to settle, the clerk astonished him by saying, "The bill is paid; that party over yonder fixed it." Our townsman looked across at the covered porch, and there sat his friend the miner, tilted back in his chair, com-

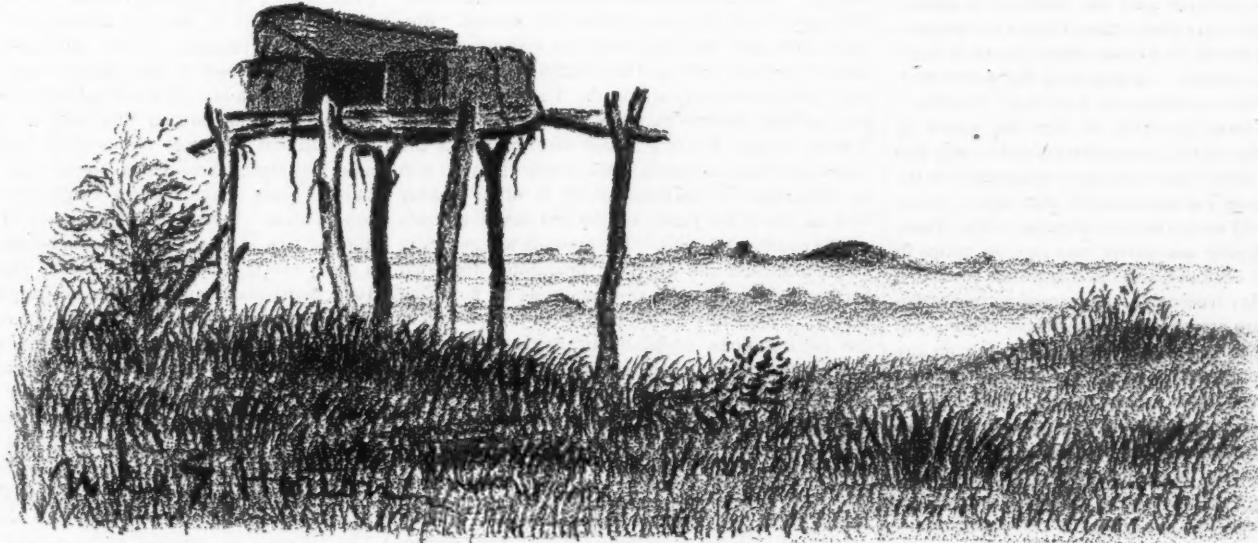
but he invariably rushes past the line riders as if no such obstructions to his flight existed. Once a CY outfit determined to effect the capture of the big fellow, but after he had gored two horses and scared the wits from half a dozen riders the undertaking was abandoned.

This prairie terror only last season, in a fit of rage at those who dared to intrude on the peaceful solitude of the range, charged at mid-day into a camp, creating a panic, to which was ideal quietness the clatter incident to the stampede of the fabled bull in the china shop. There was a scattering of equipage and a disordered flight of the diners. One of these latter was so incensed that, contrary to orders, he sent a six-shooter ball after the massive steer, but the missile flew wide of its mark.

Wilson asserts that he will undertake to prove that the demon steer killed a large bear in a fair fight on the Sybille three years ago, and the cowboys will bet all their earthly belongings that the demon can conquer any bull in the Territory. The combat with the bear was a terrific affair. Bruin was forced to the defensive from the first, and for a time pluckily met the fearful onslaughts of the fighting steer, jarring the great form with blows from his paws. The activity of the steer was marvelous. He played

abandoned Nez Perce camp and shoot down the poor old helpless beings left behind. This was the death the old people met, and the Nez Perces, brave warriors that they were, always arranged it so that their aged should be thus slain.

In regard to thus abandoning the helpless, the Goldendale *Sentinel* tells of a case where an old and decrepit Indian was left without food to die. He would have died ere this had not a white man took pity on him and carried him food and water. Old Hosy, a Klickitat Indian, elder brother of Chief Tumwater, has been in camp with a number of Indians, in the gulch near Luna. About two weeks ago the Indians broke camp and departed, leaving their aged companion alone, without food anything else except a blanket. C. D. Wilcox carried him food for the past two weeks, but this is becoming too much burden for Mr. Wilcox and besides he is often called away from home on business and there is no one to supply the wants of the old Indian. He is blind and unable to walk; sometimes he crawls off his blankets and endeavors to get a drink from a small stream close by. Several days ago he became lonesome and while Mr. Wilcox, who had just taken some food to him, was with him he sang the Indian death song. He informed Mr. Wilcox that he could not see, "had no



AN INDIAN BURIAL PLATFORM.

placently smoking his big cigar. He stepped up to him with the words: "My friend, I understand that you have paid my bill. Now, I am very much obliged to you, but I have a little money of my own, and am perhaps much better able to settle the bill than you are yourself, and I insist upon paying it."

"No you don't, pardner," broke out he of the red shirt, "we don't have much religion out this way, but I want you to understand that when a gospel sharp comes along we know how to treat him white!" And the Chicago ex-dry-goods man had to submit to being taken for a preacher.

The Demon Steer.

George Wilson, a well-known cowboy, tells the following story to the Cheyenne *Tribune*:

There has roamed on the ranges adjacent to the Platte and Laramie rivers for these many years a mastodon wild steer whose aggressiveness and power make him the dread of every round-up outfit. This combative beef bears not a brand, but no "rustler" dares appropriate him.

The "demon steer," as the pugnacious brute is called, knows no fear, and with lowered head, glistening eyes and sonorous bellow will charge upon anything in his course. Time upon time he has been rounded up with his comparatively docile companions,

around his antagonist as the sparer annoys his foe, and at nearly every charge ran his long, sharp horns into the bleeding sides of the bear with the wicked "swish" which accompanies an effective sword thrust. Wilson thinks the demon steer will die of old age. The man who attempts his capture takes his life in his hands.

The Noble Red Man.

Upper country Indians, who are lordly-looking in their barbaric splendor, are very peculiar people in many respects. For their children many of them exhibit as much affection as is shown by white people, but for the aged among them the Indian has no use. The Nez Perces under Chief Joseph gained a worldwide and well-earned reputation as fighters, but in their long and severe campaign of '77 they mercilessly abandoned their old and feeble. At many a camp they left some poor old man or woman, whose feebleness hampered their retreat. They would thus leave their aged fathers and mothers alongside a smouldering fire, stretched out on an old saddle-blanket or piece of buffalo robe and leave nothing to sustain life but a bottle of water. In abandoning their helpless parents they well knew that the enemy were close upon their trail and that in a few hours the Bannock scouts who preceded the soldiers would dash into the

eyes," and pointing to his temples said his head pained him and he "would not live till snow flies."—*Puyallup Commerce*.

Burial in the Air.

Under the influence of the missionaries the Indians of Montana are fast abandoning their old custom of placing their dead on platforms, or hanging them, wrapped in blankets, to the limbs of the big cottonwood trees which grow along the streams; but now and then the hunter or cowboy still finds one of their old platform cemeteries, or, it may be, only a lonely tomb like the one shown in our picture, standing in the solitude of the vast, grassy plains. The original object of this odd way of disposing of corpses was undoubtedly to protect them from the wolves, which would speedily dig up any grave such as the Indians could make without picks and shovels. In course of time the rude platform would be upturned by decay and the winds, but the Crow or Blackfeet kinsman of the deceased had done their duty in the way of sepulture as well as they could and were not responsible for such accidents. After all the main thing was to satisfy the ghost of the departed so that he would go at once to the happy hunting grounds, content with the honors paid to his remains, and not hang about to haunt his relatives.

RAILWAY TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

Col. C. B. Lamborn in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Every now and again one reads in the American newspapers short paragraphs which set forth the marvellous convenience and cheapness of travel on some railroad or omnibus line in Europe, and a comparison is made with the rates on American lines to show the great advantages in cost and comfort which the European traveler so obtains over the oppressed public in America. These stories are pure fabrication, and the comparisons drawn therefrom are false and unjust. I do not hesitate to assert that the railroad and street car lines of America serve the public far better and more satisfactorily than do the railroads and omnibuses of Europe, and that this better service is furnished, as a rule, at much less cost in America than it is here. The American public gets better service, for less money, not only on long distance travel, but generally, also, on short service in cities, for equal distances. I have recently journeyed nearly ten thousand miles over European railroads, and I have tested the comforts—and more often the discomforts—of this mode of travel in every country on the continent—Russia and the Spanish peninsula excepted—as well as England and Scotland. I have ridden in parlor cars, in first and second-class cars, and in Scotland in third class cars, and I have passed nights of discomfort in the stuffy and ill-kept boxes, misnamed sleeping cars, which run on night express trains between the great continental cities, and have paid for wretched accommodations in these cars prices three times as much as is charged in America for a clean and comfortable berth in a Pullman sleeper. In providing the public with all the essential comforts—as well as the luxuries—of railroad travel, America is very far ahead of Europe. There is no passenger train run on any line in England or the continent at all comparable to the vestibule dining car trains which run daily on our trunk lines and on the transcontinental roads. There are good sleeping and parlor cars run on trains in England and Scotland, and the charges for accommodation are very reasonable, but, excepting in Sweden where cars are arranged for six persons, there is not a convenient or comfortable sleeping car run on any line on the continent. The dining cars now attached to some express trains on continental lines are small, the accommodations meagre and insufficient, and, as a rule, the meals served are much more expensive than those served on our own cars. These dining cars would not be tolerated on an American road.

European railroads are generally very substantially constructed—the main lines are double tracked and a heavier rail is used than is customary on our lines. The road bed is well ballasted, and the track is maintained in good order, especially on English roads, which are, without question, the finest railroads in the world. The cost of railroads in England is enormous. The expenditures made for right of way alone on some of them would build and equip ready for operation a railroad of equal mileage in America, anywhere west of the Alleghany mountains. The equipment of these roads is very complete and the coaches used are convenient and comfortable for the short distances usually travelled. Entrance into the cities is made on elevated tracks, and as there are very few crossings at grade, the rate of speed attained is high—forty to fifty miles an hour for express trains. Both traffic and travel are heavy, and as the roads are owned by private corporations chartered by parliament there is some rivalry between the lines running to and from the great cities, but passenger and freight rates are generally maintained higher than in America, and there is very little real competition for business such as exists throughout America. The business of the country seems to be apportioned out between the existing great companies; and the established lines have no fear of new or piratical roads being built, because of the difficulty of obtaining new charters, and the enormous outlays which new roads must make for right of way and for terminal accommodations. The railroads on the continent have generally been built by the state, and most of them

are owned and operated by the government. The construction of some of these roads, especially those of Switzerland and Italy, has cost vast sums of money, owing to the mountainous character of the district traversed. Money has not been spared, and the work done is always good and permanent. There are many wonderful feats of engineering on these lines. Moderate grades and easy curves have been maintained when necessary on all important lines by the construction of long tunnels and viaducts. In crossing the Alps on the St. Gothard line, the necessary distance to hold the grades has been obtained by making five spiral tunnels, each a mile in length, directly into the side of the mountain, winding upward like a corkscrew, and the final ridge is passed by a tunnel over nine miles long, cut through solid granite.

The road bed is good on nearly all European railroads, but on continental lines the track is seldom so well kept up as on the great English roads. The rate of speed for ordinary trains is twenty-five to thirty miles per hour, and for express trains thirty to forty miles. The traffic carried is much less than in England, and it appeared to me that the freight business on the main roads of Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, Austria, Denmark, Sweden and Norway was lighter than that of many American roads west of the Mississippi River.

Everywhere in Europe the roadways have a finished appearance which is yet rare in our newer country. The cuts and earth embankments are carefully turfed, and the grass is carefully mowed. Embankments and protecting walls of masonry are always in perfect order, and the station houses are well built and conveniently arranged. There are nowhere finer railroad stations than the terminals in the chief German cities. The new station at Frankfort is the largest and most complete in the world. There is also an appearance of neatness, which is often lacking with us, about the yards, station and station grounds on the continental lines. The grounds are generally ample in extent, and wherever practicable the usual barrenness is relieved by trees and beds of flowering plants. Frequently a good deal of taste is shown at the local stations, especially in England, Germany and Austria, in the arrangement of flowerbeds and in a generous planting of ivy, which grows luxuriantly, and is made to conceal many unsightly structures.

The ordinary passenger coach in use everywhere in Europe is a four wheeled car (about the size of an American box freight car) twenty-four to twenty-eight feet long, set on rigid axles. It is divided into four compartments for first and second-class passengers, and into five compartments for third-class, and each compartment is arranged to seat six to eight persons if first-class, or ten persons if second or third class. There is no passage way through the car, each compartment having a door at either side, and the conductor (called guard) walks outside on a footboard and collects the tickets through a window. There are usually no toilet conveniences of any kind on these cars, and on some lines when the passenger has been shown into his compartment he is locked in by the guard until the next stopping place is reached. In the railroad section of the Paris exhibition I saw some new coaches constructed for French and Belgian lines, which are much longer and more commodious, and have doors at the ends and raised roofs for ventilation. These cars are mounted on two four-wheeled swinging trucks, and have an inside passage way, and the compartments are arranged as in a Mann boudoir car. These new cars all have toilet rooms, and in their general appearance approach the American type of passenger car. They show a great advance over the ordinary coach, and they ride much smoother, having less of the very disagreeable jerking motion which is a characteristic of European cars on fast trains.

It is, I think, generally supposed in America that railroad fares are much lower in Europe than with us. This is not the case. Few Americans travel in Europe who are not surprised at the high rates that are charged on the railroads. Fares are certainly less on

almost all the railroads in America east of the Missouri River than they are on European railroads. In England first-class fares average four to five cents per mile, second-class three to four cents, and third-class about two cents. There are some special workingmen's trains, run on the main lines, which make a rate less than two cents per mile, but the accommodations furnished are not desirable. Some weeks ago I saw posted up in a station in North England the passenger tariff on a short branch road which runs into the English lake country—first-class fares six cents per mile, second-class four cents and third-class two cents, and by the side of this tariff was posted a list of some twenty persons who had recently been convicted of riding without a ticket, or riding in a first-class compartment on a second-class ticket. The usual punishment meted out to these offenders was a fine of forty shillings or imprisonment for thirty days. In Scotland probably nine-tenths of the traveling public ride third class, and the hard-headed and economical Scotch have forced the railroad companies to give them very comfortable cars and fast time at very reasonable rates. In England most of the better class of travel goes first or second-class. One hundred and twenty pounds of baggage is carried free.

From London to Brighton, fifty-one miles, the fare on express trains is, first-class \$3, and second-class \$2.10. On ordinary trains the rates are \$2.50 first, \$1.60 second, and \$1.06 third-class. The distance from London to Paris is 283 miles. The usual first-class fare is \$15.25, with an allowance of only fifty-six pounds of baggage. Time, eight hours. During the present summer a fast express with dining car has been put on and the trip is made in seven and one-half hours. The fare on this train is \$19.25. On the continent the usual fare is about four cents per mile first-class, three cents second and two cents third. Some express trains carry only first and second-class. Usually fifty-six pounds of baggage is allowed free with each first or second-class ticket, and a heavy rate is charged on all excess baggage. In Italy, Switzerland and Bavaria, no baggage, (except hand packages) is carried free, and the rates of fare are somewhat lower than those named above. My own experience in traveling on the continent shows that the charge for extra baggage usually considered necessary to an American adds about twenty-five per cent. to the price of the ticket. There is no competition between different lines, and the rates are always based on the actual distance—longer lines between two points charge more than shorter lines. The sleeping car charges are generally very high everywhere that cars are run on the continent. In France the charges are exorbitant. On the limited express (train de luxe) from Paris to Marseilles, 518 miles, the railroad fare is \$20.20 and the extra charge for a sleeping berth for one night is \$14.60. On the regular express train the extra charge for sleeper is \$11.20. The extra charge for sleeper from Basle to Paris, 326 miles, is \$5.40. A French official to whom I quoted these extraordinary figures informed me that sleeping cars were not very successful in France and were rarely patronized by French travelers. I assured him that I admired the good sense of the French; and my own observation confirms the statement made by this officer. If the English, American and German travelers who now fill these cars would withdraw their patronage the French sleepers would soon be withdrawn or the rates made more reasonable.

The fares on omnibuses and tramlines in most European cities is lower than with us for short distances—one to two miles—but for longer distances it is higher. An inside seat of a Parisian omnibus costs six cents, a seat on top costs three cents. A London omnibus will carry you at the speed of about five miles per hour, one mile for two cents, and greater distances for about two cents per mile. A ride of five miles costs ten cents. On the underground road I have paid sixteen cents for a ride of about four miles in very dingy and ill-smelling cars. The fare on the comfortable cars of the New York elevated

road for nearly twice the distance is five cents. Neither the underground road nor the London omnibuses afford conveniences or comforts equal to the cable and elevated lines of American cities.

The really cheap and convenient means of rapid transit in London and in all European cities is afforded by cabs and one-horse carriages. The cab service of European cities is admirable and in every way much superior to that enjoyed in any city of America. The fares are regulated by law, and the rare cases of extortion are quickly and severely punished. The charge for a trip of two miles varies from fourteen cents in Italy to twenty-five cents in London and Berlin, and the usual charge per hour is about fifty cents. These charges are for the carriage, whether occupied by one or more persons. The result of these reasonable and carefully regulated rates is that public carriages are liberally patronized, the communities are well accommodated and the cab drivers are better remunerated, because they are kept busy. America could wisely take a leaf from the experience of Europe in the regulation and control of public cabs and carriages.

The continental railroads and especially those of Germany are operated with great care. The trains run with regularity, and accidents or detentions are of rare occurrence. The management seems military in its precision, and the officials and employees have a soldierly bearing which is noticeable. They are always courteous and polite to travelers and to each other. The conductor and stationmaster salute each other by raising the hand to the hat on the arrival and departure of trains, and the uniformed gate tender at every highway crossing always stands "at attention" beside his closed gate while the train passes him.

There is much to admire in the thorough system under which European railroads are managed, and there are many features of the system which we could adopt with profit. Still, however, I close this letter as I commenced it, with the assertion that, taken all in all, America to-day has a better railroad system and enjoys better service than any country in Europe.

KIDNAPPED BY A BEAR.

A veracious resident of township seventeen, (north of range five east) writes to the *Oracle* concerning an amusing, although for a time a perilous experience he and his friend Mike had recently with a bear. Going out for a bucket of water one afternoon, his friend Mike found a bear in the well. Returning excitedly to the house he told of bruin's apparently hopeless predicament and inquired as to how they might most safely secure the bear's pelt. At last they concluded to lasso him and drag him to the surface, which, after a fatiguing struggle, they succeeded in doing. When they landed bruin upon the rustic curb he was apparently lifeless; so Tourguson ran to the house for a knife with which to cut the bear's throat and thus make sure of their game. But Mike suspected that life was not extinct in his bearship's huge body, and by way of securing him he knotted the rope around his own body several times. Sure enough old bruin suddenly recovered animation and as quickly jumped to all fours and skipped for the woods.

He was inextricably wound up in the rope and in this fix he involuntarily became a frolicsome follower in the confused wake of the bear's mad rush for liberty. Tourguson returned, but, lo and behold! both Mike and the bear had flown. Through the tangled copse the deserted woodsman followed. Presently he found one of Mike's shoes and a strip of his shirt. A little further on he found Mike's hat and a piece of his overalls. That settled it in Tourguson's mind. The bear had broken his fast by devouring poor Mike. It was useless as well as dangerous to follow further. So the bereft companion turned back to his lonely cabin. He had proceeded but a short distance, however, when he was horrified by finding Mike suspended in mid air, several feet from the ground alongside of a large fir tree.

Night had darkened the forest depths with her

sable shroud. The little stars twinkled excitedly as Tourguson's heart leaped about in raging frenzy. "This is a mystery," hoarsely whispered Tourguson, "which I will solve at the peril of my life." He approached the body of luckless Mike as it hung motionless between him and heaven. But just as he looked up to speak to his silent mate a noise far up the stately fir discovered to Tourguson the presence of bruin. He dropped his knife, threw his trusted rifle to his shoulder, and a well-aimed shot brought bruin and Mike to the ground together, with a terrible crash. Poor Mike sprang to his feet in an instant and yelled at the top of his voice.

"Cut the rope, man! but hould to the other ind uv et. That's the wan the blawsted bear's tied to!" Mike explained to Tourguson that the bear recovered consciousness and sought safety in flight before he could disentangle himself from the knotted rope; so bruin dragged him through the brush, over logs and stumps, until, discovering that Mike was holding his distance well, he sought to escape by climbing a tree, and that's how Mike came to be suspended in mid-air at the other end of the rope.—*Orting, Wash., Oracle.*

GAMBLING WITH A VENGEANCE.

When a man seeks a new country and has to rough it in various ways he requires good staying qualities. The fate of the gladiator in the prize ring depends largely on his staying ability; the prospector looking for gold will never find it if he is not built to stay, and the man indulging in a little game of "draw" cannot expect to sweep the board unless he is prepared to remain. We have seen and heard of many good "stayers" but last Sunday evening, says the *Wardner, Idaho, News*, a certain individual from the State of Iowa displayed a disposition in that way that possibly beats the record. At a well-known and popular resort, not a hundred miles from Wardner, a party were playing a friendly game of poker. A gentleman from Iowa was anxious to take a hand; he had the inclination, ability, time and in fact everything except the boddle to join the crowd. Feeling in his pocket he discovered a jack-knife and with the genuine spirit of a true sport he offered to gamble it off against the modest sum of fifty cents. He found his man and both coin and knife were on the table. In a very few minutes the game was ended and the Iowan was knifeless. "Anything else you wish to stake?" asked the winner, putting up a dollar. "My hat against it," cried the stranger; "I'll stay with you" another shuffle—and the man was hatless. "Come again," cried the lucky one, "there's no more run in me than there's in a snail in a slow fever." "I'll stay with you," chipped in the looser, and off came his coat, which was staked against \$2. The man of money won once more and Iowan was coatless. "How in—Pandemonium did you do that?" you can't do it again; I'll stay with you" and a good warm vest was staked against a single \$1. Three jacks and two aces were shown but four queens took the vest and made the stranger stare. "I'll bet my boots agin \$2.50; I'm all wool and a yard wide, and if you'll only stay with me I'll convince you Iowa can't be beaten all the time" was the next remark. The money and boots quickly occupied the center of the table; the man in his stockings stood pat, but four nines were too much and the "stayer" was left bootless, "Chaw me up into mince meat if I don't bet my pants" roared the defeated party.

Two dollars and fifty cents was the sum agreed on, the nether garment was removed, the game played and his luck not changing, the gay gambler found himself in a similar situation to "Teddy the gander who was like a Highlander, for want of his breeches." A loud laugh went up from the surrounding crowd, and the man from Iowa retired to his cabin, in the shade of night, knifeless, hatless, coatless, vestless and pantless. This, to outsiders at least, may seem a strange story, but it has the merit of being true and actually happened in this neighborhood on last Sunday. As a "stayer" the man from the States is entitled to the cake, and out of respect for his good qualities the winner returned all the goods on payment of the sum staked against them.

INJUN ROMANCE.

Spencer is a big man among the Yakimas, and stands high among the Siwash delegates to Puyallup's hop yards. His camp is pitched in the brush back of Stewart's Eden addition, among a group of a dozen tepees belonging to the people of his party. Here, for a month past the evenings have been spent in swapping stories about the wars agone, singing songs playing stick poker, and forming acquaintance with other Indians who would loiter about the camp.

Among Spencer's family was a plump and pleasing daughter of sweet sixteen, whose charcoal orbs gazed into the eyes of Warren McCorkle and paralyzed him. Warren is a Warm Spring and son of one of the heroes of the Modoc war. Every evening Warren haunted Spencer's camp, and the penchant that Spencer's girl and himself had for each other gradually grew into a mutual and agonizing mash. When old Spencer realized that his girl was love sick, and that it took lesser and still less boiled salmon and doughnut at each succeeding meal to satisfy her once thoroughly organized appetite, he pricked up his ears—or got on one of them—and after giving his daughter a sound scolding, he ordered her Warm Spring lover to stay away from the camp.

Wednesday evening Warren crawled into Spencer's tepee in regular Injun style, and grasping his mistress made away with her. Donald McKay, who acts as moderator for the bunchgrass Indians, now in the district, was visited early yesterday morning by Spencer, who poured his family troubles into him.

He asked that Donald should try and see the runaway couple, and tell them of his forgiveness should they return to his camp. Spencer is afraid his girl will be abandoned by McCorkle, because she is subject to fits. Warren can never take his mistress to Warm Spring, because he has a wife and family there, and the laws of his nation are very strict in such matters.

This little Injun episode of love shows how the natives assimilate to the whites in such matters.—*Puyallup Commerce.*

A FAMILY OF GIANTS.

A family of giants named Rourke are reported to be living in Belmont, Cass County, North Dakota. The *Park River Witness* thus describes the family: "The youngest son is thirty years old, was born in Iowa, and has lived in Dakota eleven years, during which time he has secured most of his growth. He is six feet eight inches tall and weighs 411 pounds. His next older brother Christian is thirty-two, weighs 208, and is six feet four inches tall. Louis is thirty-six years old, weighs 225 pounds, and is six feet five inches. Ole is forty years old, weighs 200 pounds, and is six and a-half feet tall. One sister is Mrs. Jennie Knudson, aged twenty-six, weighs 225 pounds, and is over six feet tall; another sister Mrs. Julia Hansen, lives in Iowa, and weighs 237 pounds, while Mrs. Cooper lives in Traill County, and only weighs 160 pounds. The father and mother of this remarkable family are not large people, the former weighing about 170 pounds and the latter 140."

ANIMAL FREAKS.

A party of hunters from Ilwaco found a natural curiosity on the peninsula the other day, in the shape of a spotted deer, which they shot and killed. The hunters did not at first realize what a *rara-avis* they had discovered, until it was too late to preserve the curious animal whole. Pacific County must abound with freaks in animal nature for a few years ago a gentleman while hunting discovered a black bear followed by two cubs, one black, the mate to it white. The writer of this paragraph also remembers seeing a white crow, along with a flock of the ebony hued birds, on the prairie near Capt. Easterbrooks place. This crow was seen by several people, at different times, but finally disappeared, shot very likely, by some vandal.—*Oysterville, (Wash.,) Journal.*

"TUMBLE WEEDS" AS FIRE SPREADERS.

BY RYE JOHNSON.

A queer idea, and you will smile as you read it. But dwellers in Dakota will not laugh at the expression, for one and all will tell you nothing is so dreaded in their prairie land, in case of a fire as those same weeds. You that smile have never perhaps seen them grow six or eight feet across and tall accordingly. In the spring they break loose from the root, with their thousands of prickly branches dry as tinder. Then it is an amusing sight to see the huge, awkward things go rolling, tossing, tumbling away across the wide prairie before a high wind; and you nearly always find yourself wondering where they will eventually bring up. The Gulf of Mexico comes into your mind as their probable resting place, although common sense says otherwise. Anyway they never pause in their headlong rush until beyond the range of your vision.

Last spring, as many will remember, was unusually dry and a high wind prevailed much of the time. This was a source of torment to us in our mid southern Dakota home. Why, the dwellers on wide prairies will readily understand. Fire at that season of the year is a constant menace, for the high prairie grass and enormous weeds furnish a perfect material and when one is once started there is no checking it until there is nothing further to burn.

It is about twelve years since father came to Dakota and he brought considerable money with him. He owns about five hundred acres of land and his buildings were the envy of the county. I am the oldest daughter and spent last winter with friends in Chicago, returning home in March.

While there I became engaged to Lyle Graham, and, with my parents consent, we were to be married at my home on the 15th of April, which was my birthday. We were very busy with our preparations, for Lyle was to bring a party of friends with him, and I did not think of anything else until one day I overheard father say to one of the hired men, "Keep every plow agoing Joe, I am in mortal fear of a fire sweeping down upon us."

With a wildly beating heart I sought mother and repeated his words. She nodded gravely, and I found she also entertained the same fear. I went out upon the porch, and took a long look about. How prosperous and comfortable everything looked. The great barns, and long line of cattle sheds; the huge hay and straw stacks, the wide yards full of fine cattle and sheep knee deep in combustible litter.

Heavens! What a bonfire it all would make, and if they burned all would go, for although at some distance from the house, a row of corn cribs and a long wood house, nearly filled up the intervening space.

From these I turned my gaze to the surrounding country, and was somewhat re-assured at sight of the wide fields of newly turned, low, brown earth, which stretched out on all sides. Four teams and as many plows were busily at work hourly enlarging them.

"Surely no fire could cross so wide a space," I remarked to mother who had joined me on the porch.

"It would seem an impossibility," she replied, but the anxious look did not leave her face.

Rumors of fires in adjoining counties began to come in, and it was not long ere the sky was reddened every night by distant conflagrations. Every day I looked to see how much wider the plowed land had become, and gained a blessed feeling of security when at last house and out buildings were the center of a hundred acres of freshly turned earth, and father pronounced us safe.

How little he knew.

Every night for a week some of the men had watched, but that night we all slept soundly, with a perfect confidence in our safety.

Now, it only lacked a week to the day set for my wedding. Some time before father had sold a drove of stock to homesteader living forty miles west, it was to have been delivered some time before, but he was afraid to stop the plows sooner.

Now, however, he decided to start at once in order

to get back by the fifteenth. Accordingly he, my two brothers and one hired man started off the eighth, leaving two men at home to look after things, besides which there was mother, a ten-year-old brother named Dan and myself.

The men were drilling in grain, and we went about our household duties in a care-free, happy frame of mind, to which we had been strangers for days. The wind blew violently, but from the east—and as we had heard of no fires in that direction we felt perfectly secure. This was Monday, and father had promised to be back Friday. Lyle and his friends would also arrive that day, and one of the men must go to Woodworth with a team to fetch them.

The time until Friday passed with no alarm, and we saw Joe depart for town with no anxiety. All day I flew about finishing up hundred odd jobs left until the last minute, as is usual in such cases. I was very happy at the prospect of meeting the man I was to marry, for I loved him, as he loved me, very dearly.

I never thought of fire all day, and when about four o'clock little Dan came rushing in in white-faced excitement, and gasped out that a fire was coming, I was inexpressibly shocked. Without a word I rushed to the windows on the east side of the house.

"God help us!" I gasped in shuddering horror. Ominous black clouds of smoke obscured all the horizon, and the air was laden with the pungent fumes of burning grass. It was yet some miles away, but we did not sing about our supper getting, as we had at dinner time.

Darkness came, dense and impenetrable, save where lighted up by the oncoming fire. It seemed directly in the path Joe must traverse in bringing the expected party, and as the hours wore on our anxiety became almost insupportable.

Every vessel that would hold water was filled and placed at convenient distances about the house, although no one really expected the fire could possibly cross the plowed ground. We felt comparatively safe—but feared for our friends who might be caught by the flames. I remembered a quantity of human bones found after a fearful fire the summer before, whose identity had never been discovered, and imagination easily placed the absent ones in like peril.

The wind increased to a gale, and the roar of the approaching fire was blood curdling. I never before nor since, experienced such fear as that horrible, rushing roar engendered in my breast. We watched the flames advance, and at last thought him stationary.

"Thank God!" we cried from full hearts, but our fear of thanksgiving was changed to one of horrified despair as we suddenly saw a huge ball of fire detach itself from the line of flames and came bounding toward us. It passed like lightning to the south of us, but another and another quickly followed.

"Burning tumble weeds," pronounced Harris, in a disheartened tone. "I would not give you a shilling for everything durable on the farm. We are in deadly peril."

He and Dan ran at once to turn every living thing loose that they might have a chance for their lives, while mother and I ran after and extinguished several of the deadly fire balls which lodged against the buildings.

The lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep—and shrill neighing of the horses, added to the deadly despair in our hearts, but we worked until exhausted, and were compelled at last to stand by and see everything devoured by the hungry demon. We carried a few of our most precious possessions to the center of the plowed ground north of the house, and when daylight appeared they were all that remained to us, save the stock which were wandering disconsolately about. We were tired, faint, smoke begrimed hollow-eyed, set of people who looked into each others faces in the grey of the dawn.

I had wept until I had no tears left—but mother was strangely calm.

"My dear, if our loved ones come out alive, we have still much to be thankful for," were her words of cheer.

Dan bewailed the fact that we had no food, but

found the blessed mother had remembered people must eat in the face of even so great a calamity as ours, and a quantity of cooked provisions was found to be among the matter saved. Ere any one had taken a mouthful, however, we heard a great shouting, and looking up saw two parties approaching from opposite directions.

No pen can picture the joy of that meeting. But even in my deep happiness at seeing my lover alive and well, after fearing him lost in the terrible conflagration which had devastated many homes besides ours, I could not help murmuring "poor father," as I saw him glance mournfully over the smoking ruins of his once beautiful home.

He had been so sure of our security that it came upon him as a fearful shock. His thankfulness that we escaped with life went far to console him, and when he remembered there was a few hundreds in bank, he cast off all care, and set about helping to prepare a breakfast for the company which now numbered fifteen.

A sheep was sacrificed, a camp fire improvised, and we became quite merry. A bed quilt spread over the plowed ground served as a table cloth, and numerous good things appeared as if by magic.

Among other things, the bride's cake, and mother was about to cut it when father stayed her hand.

"Lyle Graham, you came here to marry my daughter?"

"Certainly."

"In the face of the fact that she is now a poor man's child, do you still want her?"

For answer Lyle drew me to his arms, and kissed me tenderly. "Very well, we will not be cheated out of our wedding. The minister is here, as also are the guests. Mr. Hollis, you will please unite these young folks and then we will have our breakfast."

A silence of a minute followed fathers words, then a cheer arose from all. And before I scarcely realized what was going on I stood before the man of God, my hand clasped in Lyles, and spoke the solemn words which made "us twain one flesh."

Imagine the scene if you can, dear reader. A cloudy, dismal, chilly morning in April. A party gathered in the open air about an impromptu camp fire. All with tired, anxious faces, and more or less disheveled in appearance. To the right the smouldering ruins. To the left the breakfast spread upon the quilt—and all about at little distances, the discomfited, restless cattle and sheep.

Yet that was the scene of my wedding.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

I took her little hand in mine,
It quivered like a bird,
And as I felt its touch divine
A trembling sigh I heard.
Momentous time! Should I propose?
I knew not what to say;
As I beheld my blushing Rose
I felt my hair turn gray!

I thought of Byron, Scott and Moore;
Ah, could I but recall
A bit of their poetic lore!
I once had known it all.
"Oh woman in our hours of ease,"
I blunderingly said,
And then I thought my tongue would freeze
And wished that I was dead.

My heart was beating like a nail,
And yet my lips were dumb;
The clock that hung upon a nail
Ticked louder than a drum.
I could not see, for strange to tell,
The air seemed full of smoke.
Then from my tongue the fetters fell,
And then—and then I spoke.

"I love you, dear!" I said in haste;
"I love you, too!" she said;
And then I clasped her dainty waist
And kissed her lips of red.
Then came a flood of poetry,
I spouted yards of rhyme.
And she is going to marry me
In apple-blossom time.

—S. M. Peck in Harper's Bazaar.

WESTERN HUMOR.

Life on Pizen Creek.

Landlord Jerkedbeef (of the Bad Lands House, to New York drummer at breakfast table) — "The waiter tells me that you want a napkin?"

Guest — "Yes, sir, I would like one if not too much trouble."

Landlord — "I'll tell you just how it is. Last evening we had as nice a mess of napkin in the ice-box as you ever seen, but in the night my infernal hound-got the kiver off and ett every one of 'em. Just bear with us this time and the next trip you come along you shall have a napkin for yer breakfast if I have to get up at five o'clock and go out and shoot it myself."

The Bashfulness of Office.

A tourist stopped in front of a "shack" house, over the door of which a prominent Kansan was nailing a sign bearing this legend:

"I am a Candydate for the Offs of Sherf."

"That's very unlike the way we do in the East," remarked the tourist. "There we believe with the proverb, that the office should seek the man, and—"

"Wal," interrupted the prominent one, "that may do for the East, whur the offices hain't so durned bashful; but, out this way, if you expect the office to ride up to your place, an' whirlin' the loop uv its lasso three times around its head, drag yer outer yer house an' off to the county seat, I'm afraid that grim disappointment will be your portion."

Big Sturgeon and Big Stories.

The largest sturgeon ever seen in this part of the country was sent up by Otto Peters of Deer Island to Frank C. Barnes, Saturday. It weighed 550 pounds and was eleven feet four inches long. The largest seen here before this weighed about 300 pounds. The sight of it displayed on the sidewalk at Third and Morrison streets, attracted a great crowd, among whom were several good single-handed fish liars. One told about seeing a sturgeon at the Cascades which was fourteen feet long and weighed 900 pounds. But, as usual, the man who told his story first stood no show, for another fellow came to the front and told about a sturgeon he saw up in the Snake River which was eighteen feet long and weighed 1,500 pounds. And then another fellow started in to tell about a sturgeon he saw in Alaska, but the crowd got scared for fear that lightning would strike them and all walked away, and the Alaska liar got left.—*Portland Oregonian*.

The Kickers.

God bless the kickers, the dear old kickers—God bless them every one. For they'll kick when you're sober and in for work—and they'll kick when you are in for fun! They'll buck at improvements in real estate; they'll buck at booming the town—and at everything that'll work for good, some kicker will frown and frown! If this thing or that thing is thought to be good—some other they'll say will be better—and if one could write them up as a "mass"—they'd knock off that superfluous letter! When these self-same kickers arrive at the gates—the pearly gates of heaven—they'll kick if offered a nice small crown and pick out a number of 'leven! On earth, in heaven, at home, on the street, there are men who are bound to kick—until we declare there's no peace anywhere—'tis enough to make a man sick. So out on those kickers, those cronic old kickers—that blight that is thrust on a town—and when they kick with their mulish ways, for heaven's sake frown them down.—*Semi-Tropic*.

One of X. Biedler's Latest.

X. Biedler had a tenderfoot in tow yesterday, and was filling his knowledge tank with wild, wierd stories.

"Is this a good farming country?" was asked.

"The finest in the world," X. replied, "Farming now is carried on in the valleys. When I came here we had to depend upon what was raised on the

mountains. The high land was chosen because the ranchers could keep a look out for Indians. Splendid crops were raised, but a man could make so much more gulch mining that very few could be found who were willing to till the soil. One winter I got a touch of rheumatism and concluded to lay off the next summer and get cured. I didn't want to remain idle, so I took up a ranch on top of Mt. Helena. I fenced in 100 acres, but had no intention of farming it all. I cleared off forty acres for a garden patch, hired a couple of Chinamen, and, as it was an open winter, had all my land plowed and seeded by April. I raised a prodigious crop of vegetables, for which I received big prices. Potatoes were worth \$1 a pound and cantaloupes \$10 apiece. You see, frost falls every night on Mt. Helena, and when I picked my melons in the morning they were cool and nice. All I had to do was to load up a Chinaman and send him down the gulch and he would come back with a sack of dust that weighed as much as the melons.

"But I made more money off prickly pears than I did from anything else. Prickly pears need no cultivation; in fact, the more you leave them alone the better they thrive. You never saw any did you? No? Well, they are about the size of an apple, the skin full of thorns, but when they are roasted the skin comes off and they are just splendid. They taste like turtle soup and bananas mixed. They're fine. Worth their weight in gold. I was the only ranchman had any luck with 'em. Just coined money. Couldn't supply the demand. This valley down here took its name from my ranch. I cleaned up \$100,000 in one year off that ranch."

"Mr. Biedler," asked the tenderfoot, who had listened with rapt attention to the recital, "do you own that ranch now?"

"Yes, I own it, but it's no good."

"What's the matter with it?"

"You see, there used to be a living spring right on top of the peak—you can see it from here—and I used to use the water to irrigate. When Tommy Cruise struck the Drum Lummon mine the spring dried up. You see, there is an underground connection between the mine and the mountain. With the water gone, of course I couldn't farm any more. If the mine ever gives out I will have it filled up which will back the water up to the mountain again."

The gentleman who was seeking information left and when out of earshot X. turned to Marshall Wheeler and said: "Lend me a gun till I shoot that fellow."—*Helena (Mont.) Independent*.

It Wasn't Angels He Heard.

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers, and forcing back the tears to greet his wandering look with a smile. She spoke words of comfort and of hope. But he felt the cold hand falling on him and he turned his weary eyes up to the pale wan face.

"Jennie, dear wife, I am going."

"Oh, no, John; not yet; not yet."

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes; "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John, dear; that isn't angels; that's the brass band on the corner."

"What?" said the dying man. "Have those scoundrels dared to come around here when they know I'm dying? Give me my bootjack. I'll let 'em see."

And in a towering rage the old man jumped from his bed, and before his wife could think he had opened the window and shied the bootjack at the band.

"I've hit that Dutch leader, anyway."

And he went back to bed and got well.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Tall Tales Told at Yakima.

One proof of the Yakima pudding is found in the shipment of 100 car loads of melons this season. Yakima melons are becoming known all over the new

State. The other day Captain Gray, the veteran navigator of the Upper Columbia River, came from Pasco, his home, to Yakima on a visit. He was conducted to Mayor Reed's office, where he gazed on a melon weighing fifty-four pounds and several other melons weighing something less. At that stage of the proceedings a big knife was produced, one of the melons was cut, and the captain was soon learning that Yakima melons taste as good as they look. As he laid down his third rind to pick up his fourth slice, Captain Gray seemed to think the occasion called for some defense of Pasco. He observed, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"The reason we don't raise melons successfully at Pasco is that the vines grow so fast that they wear the melons out dragging them over the ground. Our soil is too rich, I think, for melons."

Every Yakima man in the room stopped eating and looked at the captain, but he was entirely serious.

"You'r soil is too rich, is it?" retorted Mayor Reed. "Let me tell you, Captain Gray, the soil at Pasco is so poor that you can't raise an umbrella on two acres of it. Why, sir, if I am correctly informed, your soil is so poor that it takes two pee-dee birds to make one holler—one to holler 'pee' and the other to holler 'dee.' I am told that a child three feet high can stand in a hole two feet deep and pick the top blossoms off the peach trees at Pasco."

The captain was silenced. The man who talks last usually has the best of it in these sharp comparisons of Washington towns. Over at Tacoma the other day some real estate men were telling visitors of the marvelous growth of their city. Private Cosgrove, grand commander of the G. A. R. of the department of Washington, was one of the listeners. When the Tacoma men had about exhausted themselves, Cosgrove took an inning.

"My town of Pomeroy, in Eastern Washington," said he, "has had the most wonderful growth of any place I've yet seen. Why, gentlemen, Pomeroy grew so fast at one time that it actually overtook the coyotes before they could get out on the prairies, and they had their young in the cellars."

Only one man has approached the Grand Commander in marvelous illustration of this country's resources and development. That was the settler who was trying to impress on some newcomers an idea of the abundance of game in Washington. He told about reaching home after dark one frosty evening and finding the woodbox empty and the fire low. Without stopping to take off his coat he rushed out doors to the woodpile, grabbed up what he thought was an armfull of sticks and hurried back into the house

"Blame me, gentlemen," said he, "if when I got to the light every one of those sticks of wood didn't turn out to be a jack-rabbit."

A rather good one at the expense of Seattle and Tacoma, the rival cities of Western Washington, is told on the Sound boats. It seems that a Southern California man cleaned up what he could from the remains of the boom down there and came up to Washington this summer to invest. He visited Tacoma and the real estate men there promptly took him in hand and showed him bargains in town lots north of the city. He said he thought the location was some distance from the center of the city, but they assured him Tacoma was bound to reach it inside of twelve months. So the Southern California man said he'd think about it and let the agents know in a day or two.

In the meantime he took a boat and slipped over to Seattle, only two hours distant. Seattle agents immediately said they had just the property he was looking for. They put him into a buggy, drove out south of Seattle and showed him the very same spot of ground he had been offered as Tacoma suburban property. As soon as the investor had partially recovered from his astonishment, he said:

"Gentlemen, I came up here to place my money as near as possible to the center of some city, but I'll be doggoned if you can get me to invest in the center between two cities."—*Yakima Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

INSTINCTS THAT ARE LOST.

If the doctrine be true that man is really the heir of all the various species and genera of the animal kingdom, it seems a little hard upon us that, even by way of exception, we inherit none of the most marvellous instincts of those species and genera, and have to be content with those greater but purely human faculties by which even the most wonderful of animal instincts have been somehow extinguished. Sir John Lubbock maintains with a good deal of plausibility that there are instincts, and very likely even higher animals, which perceive colors of which we have no glimpse, and hear sounds which to us are inaudible. Yet we never hear of a human retina that includes in its vision those colors depending on vibrations of the ether which are too slow or too rapid for our ordinary eyes, nor of a human ear which is entranced with music that to the great majority of our species is absolutely inaudible. Again, we never hear of a human being who could perform the feat, of which we were told only recently, of a bloodhound. In a dark night it followed up for three miles the trail of a thief with whom the bloodhound could have never been in contact (he had just purloined some rolls of tan from the tanyard in which the dog was chained up), and finally sat down under the tree in which the man had taken refuge. Why, we wonder, are those finer powers for discriminating and following the track of the scent, which so many of the lower animals possess, entirely extinguished in man, if man be the real heir of all the various genera which show powers inferior to his own? We see no trace in animals of that high enjoyment of the finer scents which make the blossoming of the spring flowers so great a delight to human beings, and yet men are entirely destitute of that almost unerring power of tracking the path of an odor which seems to be one of the principal gifts of many quadrupeds and some birds. It is the same with the power of a dog or cat to find its way back to a home to which it is attached, but from which it has been taken by a route that it cannot possibly follow on its return, even if it had the power of observing that route, which usually it has not. Nothing could be more convenient than such a power to a lost child. But no one ever heard of any child who possessed it. Still more enviable is that instinct possessed by so many birds of crossing great tracts of land and sea without apparently any landmarks or seamarks to guide them, and of reaching a quarter of the globe which many of them have never visited before, while those who have visited it before have not visited it often enough to learn the way—at least by any rule which, in like circumstances, would be of any use to human intelligence. The migratory birds must certainly be in possession of either senses or instincts entirely beyond the range of human imagination, and yet no one ever heard of the survival of such a sense or instinct in any member of our race. It may be said, indeed, that men have either inherited or reproduced the slave-making instinct of some of the military ants, though that unfortunate and degrading instinct does not appear to have been inherited by any of the higher animals which intervene between the insects and our own race; but this only enhances the irony of our destiny, if we do, indeed, in any sense inherit from these insect aristocracies one of the most disastrous instincts of the audacious but indolent creatures which fight so much better than they work. If we have not inherited the architectural instincts of bees or beavers, nor the spinning instincts of spiders, nor the power of the dog to track out its home, it is a little sad that we should have inherited the one disastrous instinct of the ant by which it makes itself dependent on a more timid and industrious species of its own race, and thereby loses the power to help itself. What is still more curious is that even where human beings have wholly exceptional and unheard-of powers they betray no traces of the exceptional and unheard-of powers of the races whose vital organization we are said to inherit. The occasional appearance of very rare mathematical powers, for instance, so far from

being in any sense explicable from below, looks much more like inspiration from above. The calculating boy who could not even give any account of the process whereby he arrived at correct results which the educated mathematician took some time to verify, certainly was not reviving in himself any of the rare powers of the lower tribes of animals. Nor do the prodigies in music who show such marvellous power in infancy recall to us any instinct of the bird, the only musical creature except ourselves. Still less, of course, does great moral genius, the genius of a Howard or a Clarkson, suggest any reminiscence of what happens in the world of animal life.—*London Spectator*.

FROM KANSAS TO PUGET SOUND BY WAGON.

Monday morning a little train of three prairie schooners filed into Puyallup and halted before Grainer's livery stable. As the caravan bore every evidence of a long journey, a *Commerce* man entered into conversation with the proprietor of the lead wagon and elicited the following: the party consisted of J. L. Smith, L. Hollingsworth, W. J. Warner, and their wives and children.

On the twenty-second day of April they left the northwestern part of suffering Kansas, and pulled overland all the way through Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington to Puyallup enroute for Tenino, where they will join Hans Foss, John D. Simmons and others of the Kansas colony at the head of Scatter Creek. In Colorado the women and children were laid low with mountain fever, which not only delayed them but drained considerable cash from their purses, so that on reaching Boise, Idaho, the party camped long enough to make eleven miles of ditching for an irrigating company, in order to raise sufficient means to carry them through. Bad roads in the Rockies were as nothing to the desperately tough trail over Snoqualmie Pass, where several of the horses and mules were more or less injured in pulling across the rain gullies and washouts. All of the party concur in the opinion that the Puyallup Valley is the finest country they ever saw.—*Puyallup, (Wash.) Commerce*.

KEEPING WARM.

It may not be generally known that, when exposed to severe cold, a feeling of warmth is readily created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost extent in the following manner: Throw the shoulders well back, and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly, the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth. After repeating this exercise while one is chilly, a feeling of warmth will be felt over the entire body, and even in the feet and hands. It is important to practice this exercise many times each day, and especially when in the open air. If the habit ever becomes universal, then consumption and many other diseases will rarely, if ever, be heard of. Not only while practicing the breathing exercise must the clothing be loose over the chest, but beginners will do well to remember, in having their clothing fitted, to allow for the permanent expansion of one, two, and even three inches which will follow.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

He. Why, yes! 'Twas yesterday I landed.
After a most delightful trip;
Being short, no luxuries I commanded,
No waiters got their customary tip.

How did I come? Why, on the Scythia;
But I didn't see much of our set.

She. Why, Tom, then I came over with you;
It's very strange on deck we never met.

You know of course the company was delightful,
Those English people were quite nice, you know;
And Mrs. Boston; well she's a trifle spiteful,
And does say things, perhaps, malapropos!

It's very odd I never saw you at the table,
I sat between two members of the peerage.

He. The fact is, Mabel, being strapped, I wasn't able
To take a cabin, so I traveled steerage.

FOSSIL DEPOSITS OF JOHN DAY VALLEY.

If anything was needed to fully satisfy Oregonians that they dwell in wonderland the report of the scientific expedition sent out from Princeton College, that spent the summer in John Day's Valley, furnishes it. Since the days of the luckless explorer whose earnest endeavors and sad fate were chronicled in "Irving's Astoria," down to the present time, a sort of weird interest has centered around the region that perpetuates his name. Emigrants, away back in the early fifties, who found themselves in the late autumn still urging their teams of jaded, footsore oxen toward a goal that promised food and shelter during the winter, took fresh courage from the glimpse of wonderful beauty and evident fertility that the valley of the John Day River presented, and vaguely marveled that men seeking homes should pass by this region in the expectation of finding something better. A few years later adventurous cattle men sought the valley, and throwing up what they deemed temporary residences, that were certainly of the most primitive character, turned their herds out upon the vast expanse over which "bunch grass" was king, and soon reaped the reward of isolation in prosperity that enabled them to choose their habitations and dwell therein in ease and plenty. Many of them chose to remain where they were, and so the second stage in the introduction of civilization to this region was begun and the valley of the John Day became dotted with homes. Its industrial life since that period is a part of the uneventful history of an isolated portion of the commonwealth. Cattle kings grew rich while quietly guarding their herds on its abundant pasturage. It had its era of mining excitement which has made so many places in the great Northwest teem with transitory life and energy. State geologists have found in its deposits food for grave thought and positive assertions, and now comes science, fully equipped for the work by an Eastern college, and after patient research adds to the history of creation, as told in the rocks and fossil remains, a wonderful chapter of revelations.

We are introduced herein to a strange animal world. Miniature horses, having three toes; a legion of donkeys, camels and rhinoceri; an array of hyena-like, cat-like, dog-like creatures of evident fierceness and voracity; in short an assemblage of oriental character, sporting in a semi-tropical climate, the history of which was ages ago committed to the rocks. From this "museum of a buried world" this expedition secured and carried away nearly two tons of fossil remains, which in the remote ages were sealed up by lava floods and are now accessible only where streams have, in wearing their way through the mass, exposed them to the inquiry of the curious.

The records of a period when John Day Valley was a nameless lake are instinct with interest to science, and even the dreamer who idly follows the aimless movements of his flocks about the valley might well regard with awe the secrets of the world beneath his feet, laid here by the intelligent interpretation of the writing upon the rocks and the mute stories told by fossil remains.—*Portland Oregonian*.

HEIRESS TO VICTORIA.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C. says: A big real estate sensation is developing in this city. Many years ago, back in the early '50s, when the gold excitement was attracting thousands to this province, amongst others came Douglass McTavish, settled down in Victoria and bought real estate in what is now the heart of the city. He married an Indian woman, by whom he had one child—a girl. McTavish and his wife both died a few years later, and the little girl was left to the care of strangers. She grew up to womanhood, married and has been living here ever since, totally unconscious that her father had left anything of value behind him. A short time ago, a man who had been a friend of McTavish, in the old gold days and who knew McTavish had owned considerable property, began to look the matter up. McTavish's will was discovered in an old safe of the Catholic bishop, where it had lain for years. The will bequeathed to his infant daughter property in the city now valued at nearly \$500,000.

CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON.

The Progressive Trade Center of the Rich Chehalis Valley.

Centralia has a rather interesting narrative connected with its origin. Its first settler was born a bondsman in the Old Dominion, and his advent to the lovely prairie where Centralia stands to-day was due to the desire of a man who hated slavery to escape from the society of slave owners. Forty years ago he escaped from Virginia into Missouri and thence he directed his footsteps to the unknown lands beyond the mountains, where in the wilds and solitudes he might be free. When he reached Oregon he found the white man already there, and he therefore crossed the Columbia and wandered for months about the woods and forest glades of Western Washington. He was supplied with a gun and pair of blankets and his food was wild fruit, honey, pheasants and venison. Captivated by the lovely prairie at the junction of the Chehalis and the Skookumchuck, the runaway slave pitched his tent there. He bore the name of George Washington and George managed pretty soon to have a log cabin, and garden of fruit and potatoes and hogs and cattle running over the prairie. In slavery days he had sore trouble to keep the 640 acres around his homestead, for the white man began to come along and cast envious eyes on the smiling, cultivated fields of the runaway slave. The war, however, put an end to his troubles and when the Northern Pacific people came along here they found George Washington a rich ranchman. He had married a colored woman, whom some strange vicissitude of fortune

brought from the Sandwich Islands to Olympia, and with his wife and step-son George led a contented life till Centralia began to grow around his homestead.

The spot where chance located George Washington proved to be mid-way between Puget Sound and the Columbia. It also proved to be the centre of one of the finest mineral, timber and agricultural regions in the world, and its river, hill, and mountain scenery

After a few years here he finds his property enhanced to the value of \$100,000 and his health restored to the vigor of manhood. Old man Washington's property is fully five times that, and the manumitted slave is a capitalist and still the owner of 300 acres of town sites that will soon make him a millionaire.

Folks here tell me that in business the old man is as acute as a Gothamite, but he is at the same time full of benevolent kindness to the industrious poor. Age nor persecution has not soured his disposition and his kindly smile and warm greeting tell that though his skin is dark, a generous and merry heart lies concealed within.

The location of Centralia at the junction of two rivers makes it exceedingly charming. On the East the prairie where it stands is bounded by a low range of wooded hills and the banks of the rivers are lined with venerable fir trees that tower above a thick growth of maple, cedar and ash. Its rapid growth is due to the advantages which these two rivers afforded for logging and to the fact that the main line of railroad between Portland and Tacoma passes through the town. Within the past ten months the increase of population has been over two thousand and the eight saw mills, seven shingle mills, two grist mills, and brick and other factories employ every

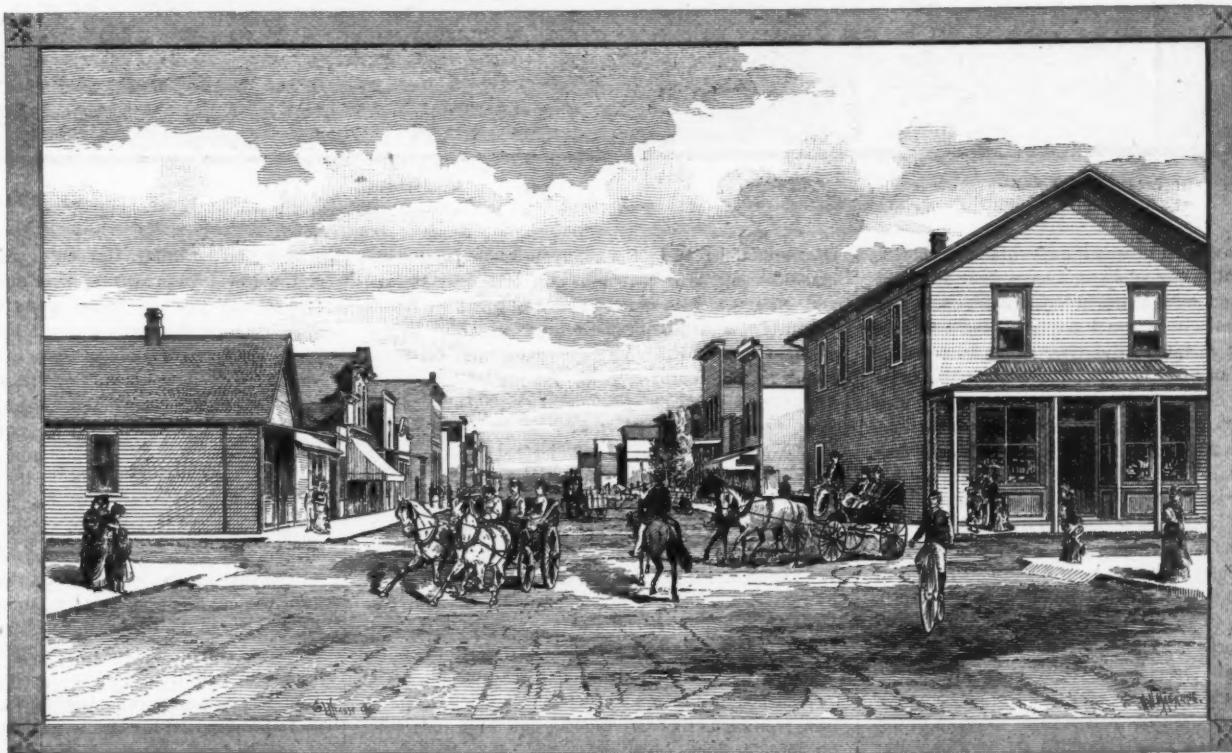
pair of hands that can be spared from the building of stores and houses.

But Centralia's growth is more prospective than present. Between the head waters of the Cowlitz and Gray's Harbor, a distance of over 120 miles, lies the valley of the Chehalis and this valley, to my mind is the Rhine of the Northwest. It reminded me forcibly also of the famed Blackwater whose beauties Spenser sung in imperishable verse. I have traveled along the whole valley, at times on a steamboat, again

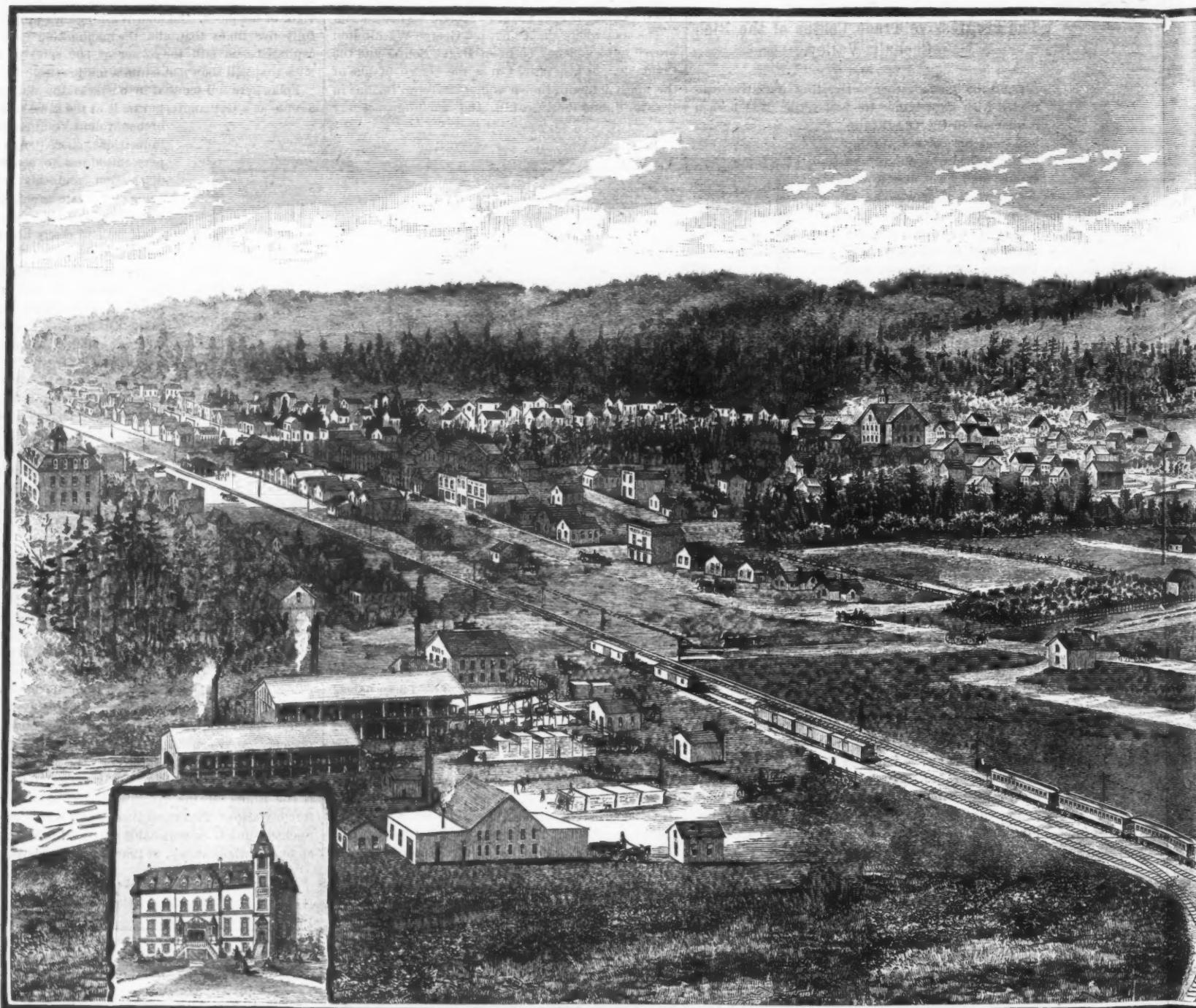


CENTRALIA.—THE LEWIS COUNTY BANK BUILDING.

is supremely beautiful. Another colored man named Bryan, secured a location beside George Washington, and then the white men began to come. Seven years ago Henry Hanson came here and paid \$1,000 for forty acres of land. Mr. Hanson was a native of York in England but a resident in America for thirty-five years. A shoe-maker, he worked in the cities of the East, tried farming at Iowa, and when he turned his eyes to the far Northwest he had a little money but a broken down and dilapidated bodily frame.



CENTRALIA.—VIEW ON TOWER AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH.



GRACE SEMINARY.

GENERAL VIEW OF CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON

with a team, and as I neared the mountains on horseback, thirty miles east of here, I have seen splendid coal mines, and have eaten honey, butter, game and lamb which monarchs could not purchase for their table. Along this beautiful river valley I have seen millions of plums and prunes rotting upon the trees and hogs and horses feeding on the pears and apples in the orchards. For forty years the old settlers had no market for their goods and now that a market has come they want to be let alone and die in peace. They do not care even for a railroad, but the sound of the iron-horse will soon be heard rattling along this lovely Chehalis Valley and this will bring the produce of the finest dairy and farm land I have ever seen to Centralia and the cities of the Sound.

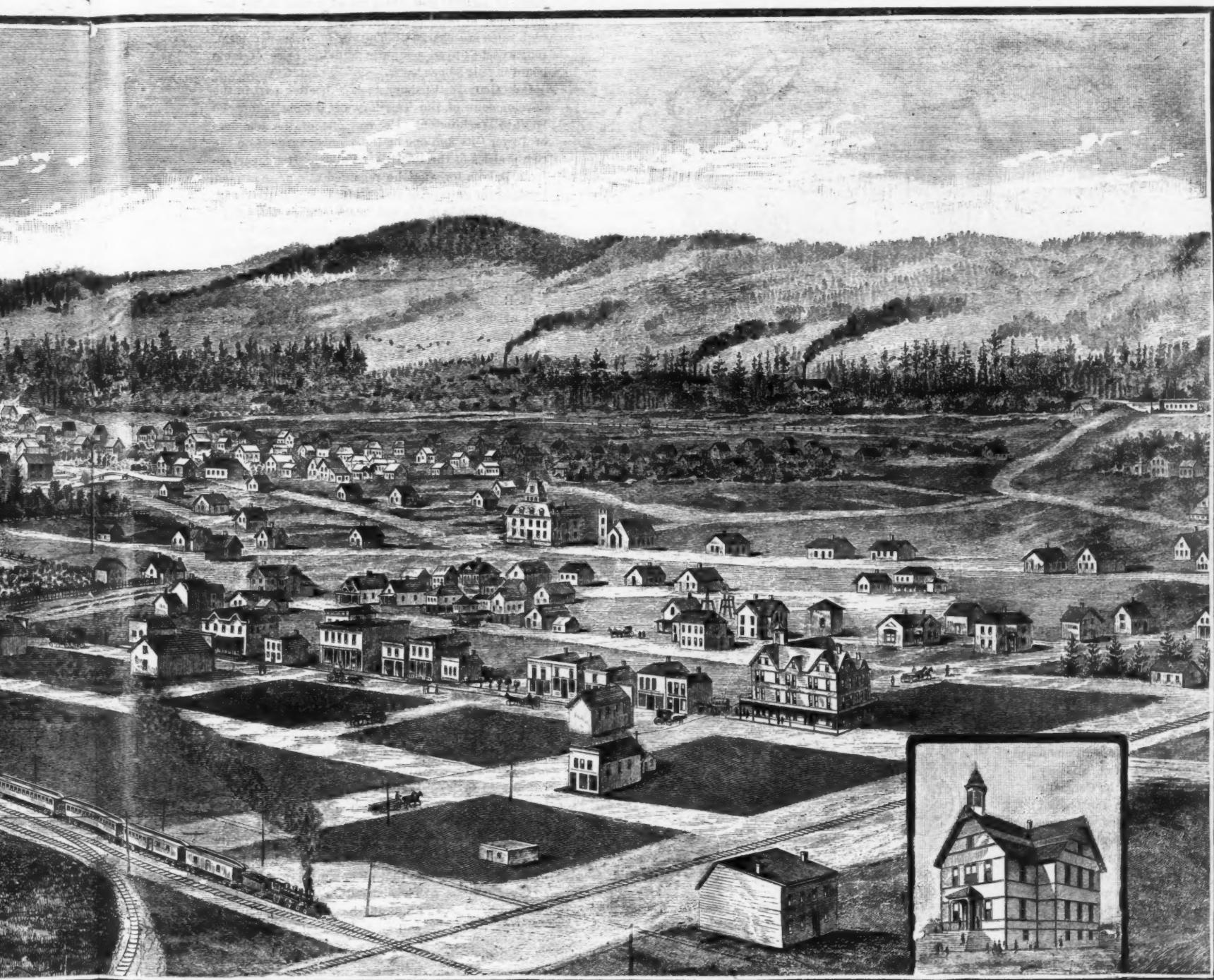
The road through the Chehalis Valley will eventually link North Yakima and Gray's Harbor. At Centralia it will meet the Northern Pacific Road, the Southern Pacific to Seattle and the Union Pacific to Port Townsend. These various roads meeting in the great union depot now contracted for at Centralia, will make Centralia the railroad center of the State.

Of course the road up the valley means to tap the exhaustless mines of coal and iron ores east of here and on its way to North Yakima it will strike at Carlton Pass the finest vein of graphite in the world. As a town Centralia dates her existence rather by months than years, yet her hotels, stores, newspapers, banks, schools and churches, tell their tale of prosperity even if her pretty cottages and handsome villa residences did not bear testimony to the taste and affluence of her citizens.

The hills east of the town are still covered with woods, except where the beautiful new Baptist college is located; 200 pupils will be taught here and 100 young ladies will be boarded. It is surrounded by fourteen acres of land: The day is not far distant, when along these hills will be lovely houses with fruit and flower gardens, every one of these hills around here are capable of producing the richest grain, fruit, vegetable and dairy-produce when cleared of wood. I have seen lands that pay \$500 an acre for prunes, \$400 an acre for hops, which often yield sixty bushels of wheat to the acre and 600 bushels of potatoes. The

prunes I tasted in Mr. Hansen's garden, in the center of the town, were sweeter than any I ever tasted in France and the hop farms along the whole valley were incomparably beyond any I have seen in Kent. There are no such lands as these in New England or New York. Right up the Cowlitz, at the foot of the Cascade Range, I have eaten glorious peaches, but it is the whole berry-tribe that grow here with unequalled excellence, large, luscious and juicy. Here grow the biggest strawberries in the world.

Up here in the woods I chanced upon an old New Yorker named Kelsey, who thirty years ago was stricken with gold fever, and for twenty years delved for treasure in the mines of California. He tasted the strange joy and feverish unrest of the gold miner's life to the full, and at last having gained and lost tens of thousands he started for Western Washington to find treasure here. Some miles beyond Centralia he found unmistakable signs of a rich gold lead, he removed his family thither, took up a claim of eighty acres in the dense woods, burned some twenty acres, grubbed four, and built a log cabin.



CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON.—[From a sketch by Geo. H. Ellsbury.

HIGH SCHOOL.

For seven years he has lived in this place, supporting his wife and three children off the farm, and digging away continuously to find the golden treasure hidden beneath these hills. He assured me that the soil and produce of these hill lands were beyond compare with anything in the world and that the four acres that he cultivated enabled him to support a family and net \$300 a year. He made \$300 a year by eggs alone, and his fruit, milk, butter and vegetables enabled him to do the rest. The old man would be happy amid these woods if he could forget the golden treasure beneath, but that disturbs and he showed me deep tunnels which he had built to secure it. I cannot undertake to describe the beauties of this lovely land. It is something so indescribably grand that it needs but the poet's pen and the painter's art to attract to it the lovers of the beautiful from every clime. The Chehalis is marked by a succession of enchanting woodlands and prairie scenery. The woods of oak and maple, the glorious summer sky, the deep crystal waters, now dark and again dancing in the sunbeam, the scarlet breezes of early autumn all fill the heart

of the traveler with wonder and delight, for here he communes with Nature in all her prime and glory. The lake country of Scotland pales before what I have seen here. Switzerland is not more grand nor Killarney more lovely, and though the Blackwater and the Rhine have romantic memories of a thousand years hovering around their shores and wild peaks they cannot be more attractive for lovers of natural scenery than are these lovely rivers of the far Northwest.

P. A. O'FARRELL.

SOLID ADVANTAGES OF CENTRALIA.

Centralia is on the Northern Pacific main line, about midway between the Columbia River and Puget Sound. This line is the great artery of travel between Portland and San Francisco and all points in Washington, and the through transcontinental route between the East and the Pacific Coast.

Centralia is located in the best portion of the great, fertile Chehalis Valley, the best agricultural valley in Western Washington.

Great forests of fir, cedar and spruce insure the increase and perpetuity of the already extensive lumbering industry.

Numerous veins of bituminous coal lie in the vicinity of the town and furnish the foundation for a future great mining industry.

A railroad will soon connect Centralia with Gray's Harbor, giving two routes to the sea, the old one by Puget Sound and the new one by the ports on the Harbor.

The climate is characterized by the cool summers and mild winters peculiar to the North Pacific coast region. There is much less rain and fog in the winter than on the sea-coast or on the Sound.

The valley is a good grain country, a good fruit country and a good stock and dairy country.

The town has excellent educational facilities and an intelligent, agreeable and moral society.

Its growth during the past two years from a population of 600 to one of 3,000 is the best possible proof of the solidity of its resources and of the prosperity of its future.





CENTRALIA NOTES.

The Washington Land Company has markedly aided the development of Centralia. This company consists of leading Tacoma capitalists, who bought some five hundred acres of land at the north end of the town and began at once to plat, improve and build. It is this company that built the fine hotel given in our sketch. The President of the company is Mr. M. C. Denton, Hon. Henry Drum, Ex-mayor of Tacoma is Vice-President and W. B. Allen is Secretary. Hon. Walter J. Thompson, Col. G. H. Ellsbury and other well-known gentlemen are also interested. Col. Ellsbury has entire charge of the Centralia office and is found in the lead of every public enterprise that aids the development of Centralia and its surrounding country.

L. H. Northey is one of the best types of the new men whose push and enterprise is fast making Western Washington. He is an insurance and real estate agent and is a level-headed man with keen business instincts. He spends large sums in advertising with the result that he almost monopolizes the insurance and real estate business of Centralia.

The Park Hotel, just completed and opened about the middle of October, was built by the Washington Land Company, at a cost of over \$10,000. It contains forty rooms, with all modern hotel comforts and improvements, such as electric lights, hot and cold water, baths, sewerage, etc. At the rate Centralia is now growing its enlargement will become a pressing need by another year.

Grace Seminary is a young institution for the education of girls, under the auspices of the Northwest Baptist Convention and their educational board. The building, just completed at a cost of \$10,000, occupies a commanding and delightful situation on the crest of one of the hills overlooking the town and the valley of the Chehalis and affording a superb view of the Cascade and Coast ranges of mountains. The elevation of the campus above the valley is about one-hundred feet. The President of the school is Rev. E. T. Trimble and the other teachers are Mrs. Trimble, Miss Jennie M. Baker and Mrs. C. A. Blackstone. Other teachers will be engaged as the institution grows. Expenses for students are very moderate and it is the intention of the trustees to keep them so in

order to bring the advantages of the institution within reach of farmers and others whose means do not permit them to send their daughters to schools where high rates are charged. Tuition is \$7.50 per term, rooms cost \$4 to \$6 per term and the price of table board is only \$3 per week.

Col. Geo. H. Ellsbury took a leading part in the development of the Territory of Dakota before he went to Washington. He was one of the founders of Tower City and one of the pioneer farmers on the rich prairies of the Red River Valley. His departure from Dakota for what he regarded as a more attractive field for enterprise and residence was regretted by a host of friends in his old home and by the public men of the Territory in general, with whom he had co-operated in all matters tending to the advancement of the country. He is a man of sterling personal qualities and of marked energy and business ability.

C. R. Fowler, whose attractive residence is the subject of one of our sketches, is a Pennsylvania man, who came to Centralia early in 1889 from Du Bois, in that State, after looking California and Washington over pretty thoroughly, in 1888, in search of a new home. He likes the climate and enjoys better health than for years before removing to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Fowler is largely interested in the town and suburban property in Centralia.

Centralia has two banks—the Bank of Centralia, of which A. J. Miller is President, and the Lewis County Bank, whose handsome new quarters are shown in one of our illustrations. This bank has recently been incorporated with a capital of \$50,000 and with the following officers: President, Charles Gilchrist; Vice-President, Abner Packard; Secretary, C. W. Johnson. The bank was opened for business on Monday, October 7th, and by noon of that day had received \$15,000 in deposits.

A large consignment of Eureka Flat wheat was started from Walla Walla for Sicily, Italy, last month, to be used in the manufacture of macaroni. Experiments prove that the quality of macaroni produced is superior to that of any other wheat used. The demand for the Northwestern grade of wheat in foreign markets will no doubt rapidly increase.



CENTRALIA RESIDENCES.

THE BALMY CHINOOK.

In the closing hours of the constitutional convention of Washington, a delegate offered a resolution that there be incorporated in the instrument a declaration that natives of this new State be known hereafter as "chinookers." The appropriateness of the name, he argued, was found in the fact that chinook means a warm breath. He believed it was much better than the present custom of calling Washington people west of the Cascades "clam eaters," and those on the east side "bunch grassers."

Mr. S. G. Cosgrove, of Pomeroy, is the department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for Washington. He enjoys the distinction of being the only private elevated to that responsible position. He came west from Ohio, where he was a prominent educator. Telling of what he had known the chinook to accomplish, Mr. Cosgrove said this:

"I have seen eight feet of snow—that is, eight feet measured as it fell from time to time—go off the ground here in twelve hours. That was the hardest winter I have known in Washington. Usually the chinooks are so frequent that the snow has no opportunity to accumulate. But that winter it lay nineteen days before melting. The farmers had not prepared for it, and cattle had a hard time getting through. There was an interesting exhibition of the instinct of the poor brutes. At the very first sign of the chinook the old cows, which had been about to drop with hunger, could be seen staggering toward the tops of the hills. They seemed to know that there the snow would melt fastest and the grass be uncovered soonest. In Eastern Washington you can see teams working in the fields every month in the winter. We have days which are cold and when the ground freezes to some depth, but one day's chinooking will take all the frost out of the ground. You may not believe it, but I have seen six inches of frost go out of the ground in one hour. That is a pretty big story to tell farmers back in the Mississippi Valley, but it is true."

Ex-Governor Semple, who is authority on all such subjects, says that the chinook is a balmy wind that comes from the Karo Siroo, the great Japanese current of the Pacific. The chinook is a cool wind in summer and a warm wind in winter. To it is due the absence of extremes in temperatures. People in Washington do not freeze to death in winter, nor are they ever sun-struck in summer. Long years of close observation have taught the ex-governor many interesting things about this curious wind. One of these things is that at times the chinook is odoriferous as if spic'd laden from the tropics.

The chinook, said the ex-governor, "is so gentle upon ordinary occasions that its presence can not be noted by its motion, and yet it is almost miraculous in its efforts. Snow and ice disappear before it with great rapidity. It seems to be able to blow for long distances between walls of colder air without parting with its heat. Sometimes it constitutes an upper current, in which case the remarkable spectacle is witnessed of snow melting on the mountain tops while thermometers in the valleys register below the freezing point. At other times it is the surface current and follows the gorges and valleys as a flood

might follow them. It seems to bear healing upon its wings, like Sandolphon, the angel of prayer. This wind sometimes penetrates as far as the upper stretches of the Missouri, and even tempers the air on the plains of the Dakotas. Wherever it goes the chains of winter are unloosed and the ice-bound rivers are set free."

The chinook is the natural enemy of the odious east wind, and while ordinarily it yields its influence as gently as the zephyrs that waft the thistle down in autumn, still there are times when the winds engage in giant conflicts and fights for supremacy, now in the upper, then in the lower strata, on the mountains and in the valleys, alternately driving each other back and forth, swaying the trees, tossing the leaves, and swirling the rain drops on the crystals of snow. But the combat is never long, and the victory is always with the chinook.

The inhabitants east of the Cascade Mountains when winter has seized them and the east wind dashes snow in their faces, pray for the chinook to come. They look by day for its moist front, and listen by night for the noise of its combat with the east wind. And when it reaches them they

of a certain character is that, though profitable in themselves, they are so exhausting to the soil that after a few years the crop must be changed or the ground given a rest, does not therefore apply to a crop of hops.

The cultivation of the hop plant has attained to large proportions in certain parts of Washington, and appears likely to become even of more importance to the land-owners of that State in the future. The quality of the hops raised is so superior to those raised in many other parts of the world which, until a few years ago, furnished the chief supply, that the prices they can be sold for in London are sufficient to cover all the expenses of transportation for so great a distance and leave the growers a good margin of profit. Indeed, hops and fruit appear to be most important crops for the people of the Pacific Coast, as they can both be raised here in great abundance and of excellent quality, while the market value is sufficient to enable the growers to pay for the transportation of them across the continent and still be able to compete with Eastern producers, a thing impossible with most descriptions of cereals.—*Vancouver News Advertiser.*

THE ISLE OF FIDALGO.

The shape of Fidalgo Island is nearly that of a pair of saddle-bags, packed after the manner of the Arkansan with a small jug of whisky in one end and a half a bushel of meal in the other; or to put it another way, it is much like an oblong fruit dish lying on its side, with the top of the dish touching the Sea of Fuca and the bottom next to the mainland. The middle portion of the dish which a person usually grasps with the hand corresponds with the narrow isthmus formed by Similk and Fidalgo bays cutting the island nearly in two. The curve in the top of the dish is represented by Burrows Bay, and the bulge in the main body of the dish is represented by Erie Peak, which looms up to a height of 1,300 feet from whose summit one of the most varied and enchanting views may be had that can be obtained anywhere on the earth.



THE PARK HOTEL, CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON.

rejoice. Such is the chinook, the blessed wind of the far northwest.

HOP FARMING.

We recently gave some interesting details respecting the large profits made by the hop growers of Washington. One grower in the Puyallup Valley, who has kept an accurate account of the proceeds of his hop yard for seventeen years, states that the average yield for that period has been 2,000 pounds to the acre. During that period the average price has been twenty-nine cents per pound, or \$400 an acre, and, after deducting all expenses of cultivation and picking, the net profit has been about \$200 per acre. It is not surprising that the land planted to hops has a valuation of \$500 per acre, or that those holding it are so disinclined to part with their property that it is difficult to give an accurate statement of what is the actual market price of the land. Another person who has cultivated the hop plant for twenty-two consecutive years says that the vines show no sign of failure to produce as large a crop as they did when young. The objection which is often taken to crops

to the west, north and south are steam and sail vessels passing hither and thither through the numerous channels of the three seas, while on the mainland to the east the great grainfields of the tide prairies extend ten miles wide by forty miles long, and further eastward are the dark evergreen forests extending to the crest of the Cascade mountains, and above which rise the hoary-headed eternally snow-crowned peaks, ranged in line from Mount Rainier on the south in this State, to the unnamed mountain sentinels far to the north in British America. If the observer will contract his vision and look directly around the base of Mount Erie, he will see six fresh water lakes as clear as crystals, situated from fifty to 300 feet above sea level, and impressing the beholder with the idea that they are great gems set in Erie, the crown of this wonderful island.

The Oklahoma word "sooner," used to characterize the fellows who got there and squatted sooner than the law allowed, is coming into general use in the West to describe various sorts of too previous people, including the politicians who start their own booms prematurely.



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E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CAPITALS OF THE NEW STATES.

In North Dakota the constitutional convention determined that the capital of the new State should be Bismarck, the capital of the undivided Territory, so there was no contest at the October election which adopted the constitution and chose the State officers. Bismarck is centrally located and will probably not be disturbed in the future in the possession of an honor which originally cost her much more than it is worth.

South Dakota was the scene of a very animated capital fight, in which the towns of Sioux Falls, Mitchell, Watertown, Huron and Pierre participated, with about equal chances of success at the start. The result was that Pierre won by a good plurality, although remote from the present center of population, possessing but a single railroad and being fronted on the west, across the Missouri, by the wilderness of the great Sioux Reservation. Her success was largely owing to the jealousies of the towns not in the race, which preferred to have the prize go to a distant competitor rather than to a near neighbor. The Pierre people have held a wild jollification over their victory and seem to imagine that they are going to build up a big city right away. They should look up the river to the experience of Bismarck, which has just as good natural resources, besides a railroad to the country west of the river and has been the capital of all Dakota for five years, and has to-day a population of only 2,500. If Pierre could trade the capital for a thousand new settlers in her neighboring country she would be largely the gainer by the transaction.

In Montana the convention fixed the old Territorial capital of Helena as the capital of the new State, acting wisely and with the support of everybody not interested in pushing the fortunes of other towns. Helena is near the center of the State and is the focus of commercial, railway and social life for all Montana.

The strife over the capital location in Washington narrowed down at the last to Olympia, the Territorial seat of government, Ellensburg and North Yakima, other towns not making much of a showing at the polls. The populous cities of Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle did not enter the lists at all, but divided their votes among the smaller places which made an active canvass for the prize. In the count Olympia was ahead, North Yakima second and Ellensburg

third. These three towns, under the provisions of the enabling act, must try conclusions with each other at the next general election, the capital remaining at Olympia in the meanwhile. If neither has a clear majority in the second trial the lowest will be dropped and the question finally determined at a third election. It is probable that before the second contest comes off public opinion will be pretty evenly divided between Olympia and North Yakima so that no third contest will be necessary. Olympia's disadvantage is its one-sided location, at the end of a little narrow-gauge road. She has the broad waters of Puget Sound at her door, however, and is a charming place, full of fruits, flowers and shade. North Yakima is very near both the geographical center and the center of population and is on the great transcontinental railroad which reaches nearly all parts of the new State.

WET AND DRY PERIODS.

An interesting discussion of the climatic conditions of the two Dakotas has been going on in the press of those States since the visit of the United States Senate Committee on Irrigation. The scientific theory of a period of dry years followed by one of abundant rainfall, advanced by the authorities of the Geological Survey at Washington, has been reinforced by much practical data furnished by old settlers. This theory is that for five or six years, on all the great plains country of the West, there is increasing precipitation, culminating in a year of almost phenomenal rainfall, and that this year is followed by five or six years of constantly diminishing precipitation, ending with a drought like that experienced last summer. Then the rainy cycle begins again, and the alternation goes on with as much regularity as the movements of a pendulum. The last wet year in Dakota was 1882, and since then the rain-fall has slowly decreased year by year. Now the expert climatologists know that no real changes of climate are taking place on any part of the North American continent. This conclusion comes from more than a century of observations in the East and from nearly half a century of observations at the military posts in the West. It is not, therefore true, as some of the recent Dakota settlers apprehend, that the climate of that region is changing for the worse. The next five or six years will bring the rain record up to the average of any period of ten or twelve years prior to 1881. We may confidently expect the regularly recurring epoch of increased moisture to begin in 1890 and to culminate about 1896. The old lake beds and dry sloughs, which were full of water within the recollection of the settlers who went into the country prior to the beginning of the dry period now closing, will fill up again and there will be abundant rain-fall and snow-fall for the production of heavy crops. In a word an era of plenty will succeed an era of comparatively short crops. If the climatologists are correct this alternating series of wet and dry periods will go on indefinitely, like the rising and falling of the tides.

There is a great deal of comfort for Dakota people in this theory and in the multitude of facts which are cited to prove it. Five or six years of such heavy harvests as were reaped prior to 1883 will pay off the farmers' debts, enable them to improve their buildings and lands and give them a surplus to carry them over the light crop seasons. They will increase their acreage of wheat, knowing that the crop will surely be profitable. When the period of diminished rainfall begins again they will limit their wheat acreage, raise more barley and roots, sow fodder crops, rely on their land instead of on the stores for food for their families, keeping hogs and fowls and more cows—making less money, perhaps, than from heavy yields of wheat but not running behind. The Dakota soil is so rich and supports a drought so well that even in the driest years the wheat harvest averages better than in favorable years in the Eastern States. A highly prosperous country can be built up on the basis of this rich soil and the alternating periods of more and less moisture which are now believed to prevail, as soon as the climate is thoroughly under-

stood and the farming is made to conform to its peculiarities. The periods of abundant moisture will be periods of active development, of heavy immigration of increase in the cultivated area and of general growth in towns and country, and the periods of decreased moisture will be characterized by the comparative quiet which has prevailed in Dakota during the past five years.

NORTHERN PACIFIC ELECTION.

Henry Villard carried all his points with a strong hand at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, held in New York on October 17th. The first event was the vote of the preferred stockholders on the Villard plan, for the issue of low interest, consolidated mortgage bonds to the amount of not exceeding \$160,000,000 to retire all outstanding obligations of the road and its branches, to build new branches, to make terminal improvements and general betterments and to purchase new equipment. This was adopted by a unanimous vote. All opposition to this comprehensive financial scheme was withdrawn after the passage of this resolution offered by Johnston Livingston and seconded by Mr. Villard:

Resolved: That the holders of Preferred Stock represented at this meeting, hereby recommend to the incoming Board of Directors to take into consideration the distribution of the whole amount due to the Preferred Stock under the Plan of Reorganization as soon as the Company shall be financially in proper position to do so.

This resolution was in substance the circular sent out by Chairman Robert Harris in his request for proxies.

With the preferred stockholders thus agreed upon a financial programme for the company, the holders of both common and preferred proceeded to the election of a new board. It was pretty well understood that Mr. Villard held a sufficient number of proxies to control the election without assistance, but no one but himself and his secretary, Mr. Spofford, knew what his ticket was until he had handed in his enormous vote. Mr. Spofford had prepared a few type-writer copies of the ticket and these were then voted by Charles L. Colby, by Charles B. Wright, Jr. for his father, detained in Philadelphia by illness, and by other heavy stockholders associated with the Villard movement. An opposition ticket, offered by Robert Harris, contained the names of the members of the old board without a single change.

The Villard ticket was composed of Charles B. Wright, Thomas F. Oakes, Henry Villard, William L. Bull, Charles L. Colby, Colgate Hoyt, Roswell G. Rolston, Charles T. Barney, George Austin Morrison, J. B. Haggan, Charles H. Leland, James B. Williams and Charles C. Beaman. The five last named are new members of the Board. Mr. Beaman is the junior partner of the well-known law firm of Everts, Choate & Beaman. Mr. Leland is President of the Sixth Avenue Bank. Mr. Morrison represents the great banking house of Winslow, Lanier & Co. Mr. Haggan is the famous California millionaire, who owns the Anaconda mines and works at Butte and Anaconda, Mont. Mr. Williams has long been one of the Vice-Presidents of the company. These gentlemen succeed Frederick Billings, Robert Harris, Brayton Ives, John C. Bullitt and John U. Brookman. Of the Villard ticket, Messrs. Wright, Oakes, Villard, Barney, Bull, Colby, Hoyt and Rolston received 647,445 votes each; Messrs. Haggan, Leland and Beaman 558,034 and James B. Williams 559,034 votes. The five candidates for re-election who were defeated received 89,411 votes, with the exception of John C. Bullitt, who had only 88,411. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Henry Villard was made chairman of the Board, in place of Robert Harris, while President Oakes and all the other officers were re-elected.

The immediate result of the election is to restore Henry Villard to a larger measure of power, even, in Northern Pacific affairs than he possessed prior to his misfortunes in 1884. The new board is not the outcome of compromises and adjustments, but is wholly of his own choice. When he retired from the presidency in 1884 he left a new and struggling road, run-

ning through a wilderness and skirting with perilous proximity the precipice of bankruptcy. On his return to full power he takes his place as Chairman of the Board of one of the strongest railway corporations in the world, controlling 3,500 miles of road, earning close to \$20,000,000 last year, and drawing its support from vigorous young states and cities which are as yet only in the infancy of their development. Henry Villard's intelligent and expansive policy, modified by the wisdom and conservatism of his past five years of valuable experience, and sustained and applied under the competent direction of President Oakes, who now ranks in the East as the ablest practical railway manager in the United States, promises the most beneficent results for the interests of our Northwestern country.

A VETERAN RAILROAD OFFICIAL HONORED.

At the first meeting of the new Northern Pacific Board of Directors, Oct. 17th, President Oakes rose and said that he desired to offer a resolution concerning the oldest charter officer of the corporation, and the employee who had been longest in the service of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, Secretary Samuel Wilkeson. Mr. Oakes said:

"Mr. Wilkeson had a national reputation as a journalist when Jay Cooke borrowed him of Horace Greeley and away from the *Tribune*, on which paper he was a staff writer. Mr. Cook ~~had~~ selected him to be the historian of the reconnaissance of the proposed route of the Northern Pacific Railroad, to be conducted by the great engineer, W. Milnor Roberts, which reconnaissance Mr. Cooke made the condition precedent to any contract with its promoters to raise the money to build the road. The immense region through which purely speculative engineering had marked the line on the map of the United States was nearly unknown to the Government; was wholly unknown to the bold adventurers in this transcontinental undertaking; was well known only to the trappers in the service of the American Fur Company of St. Louis, and the factors and voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company. With Milnor Roberts, Mr. Wilkeson traversed the route in wagons, on horseback, and in canoes; sleeping on the ground without cover when in the wilderness; constantly taking notes, even in the saddle, as did the great engineer with whom he was associated; and writing up his memoranda of what he saw and foresaw, in camp at the end of a day's march. His work, reported to Jay Cooke, was prophetic, as well as picturesque. He predicted the immense future of the Northern Pacific Railroad as the popularizer and civilizer of a quarter of the North American continent; and predicted the great pecuniary reward of the brave men who should build the road. His report, with Mr. Roberts' demonstration of the feasibility of the route and its commercial profitableness, decided Mr. Cooke to become the fiscal agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

Mr. Wilkeson's next service to this corporation was to popularize, by pamphlet and newspapers, the whole country between Lake Superior and Puget Sound, and to correct the national ignorance of the region. The whole of it was mischievously included by our best informed people in the geographers' myth of the "Great American Desert," or relegated to a frozen zone, in which only, boars, wolves and foxes could live. In this respect, Mr. Wilkeson, more than any other man re-educated our people.

He was 51 years old when he was borrowed by Jay Cooke from Horace Greeley, whose successor as the editor of the *Tribune*, it is well-known he was to be. He was fifty-two when he surrendered the future editorship of that great journal, and accepted the secretaryship of this company. To-day he is in his seventy-third year. He has been a laborious and devoted servant of this corporation for over twenty-one years. His work speaks for itself. In prominent journals he has taken care of the Northern Pacific Railroad with editorial writing that was invariably effective. He has on request supplied committees of Congress

in Washington with reports on measures concerning this corporation, which were accepted and used, in the confidence reposed in the writer's reputation for truthfulness and ability to discuss public questions. His subordinate and less important work, of recording the proceedings of our Board of Directors, its Executive Committee, its Finance Committee, its Purchasing Committee under the foreclosure of its first mortgage, and innumerable special committees, speaks for itself. The records of this corporation are equal to those of any company in this country.

Appreciating the work Samuel Wilkeson has done for the Northern Pacific Railroad and considering his age, and the indications that his strength is failing, and desirous to retain his services and prolong companionship with him, I offer this resolution:

Resolved, that unlimited leave of absence be granted to Secretary Wilkeson with full payment of his salary of \$4,000 a year, and with the privilege of doing as much or as little work as he pleases; and that he accept the affectionate injunction of the Directors of the Company he has served so well, that he use his leave of absence unstintedly, so as to improve his health and prolong his life.

This resolution was warmly seconded by Mr. Rolston and the Chairman stated that it gave him special pleasure to put it to a vote. The resolution was thereupon unanimously adopted. Henceforth the duty of the Secretary's office will be more largely than ever performed by the competent assistant, Geo. H. Earl, who has been with the company almost since his boyhood, and is highly esteemed by the management for his ability and fidelity.

CONCERNING THE MENNONITES.

We are indebted to the Hon. Thos. Greenway, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration and Premier of the Province of Manitoba, for the following information concerning the Mennonites of that Province, received too late for use in the article on those interesting people which appears on our first page. "The Dominion Census taken in 1886 shows the Mennonite population of Manitoba to be 9,112, but it has increased since then and they number now somewhere between 10,000 and 12,000 souls. Delegates on behalf of the Mennonites came to Manitoba in 1873 and the first entries were made in 1874. On the third of March, 1873, an Order-in-Council was passed setting apart Townships 7, Ranges 4, 5, 6 and 7 East, also Townships 5 and 6 in Ranges 5 and 6. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1876, an Order-in-Council was passed, setting apart Township 1, in Range 1, East, and Townships 1, 2 and 3, in Ranges 1 to 5 West, inclusive, and also Township 1 in Range 6 West. The Mennonites are exempt from jury duty and from the taking of oaths, simply signing a declaration or affirming it or denying anything by the words yes or no, and they are also exempt from military service in this country."

THE LARGEST CITY IN WASHINGTON.

One of the interesting results of the recent election in Washington was to determine beyond question that Tacoma is now the most populous city in that new State and that she made much the largest growth during the past year of any other important place. The figures of the vote of 1888 and 1889 in the three leading cities of the State were as follows:

	1888	1889
Tacoma.....	2,435	5,324
Seattle.....	3,571	4,560
Spokane Falls.....	2,435	3,148

The increase in Tacoma was 119 per cent. The others grew at a somewhat less headlong speed, but their progress was remarkable enough.

OUR NATIONAL PROGRESS.

At the close of the Revolutionary war we were a nation only in name and form. There was little national life. The Federal compact was repeatedly on the verge of failing to pieces. Despondency weighed upon the fathers, most of them having painful forebodings that a fruitless independence had been won. The States quarreled with each other about boundaries, and each torn with internecine strife, insulted and encroached upon the central government. The articles of confederation, under which affairs

were controlled, were scarcely more than ropes of sand. The best sense of the country finally rose to the exigencies of the situation and the Constitution of the United States was framed—the nation put on new vigor and sprang out of the old ruts into an unparalleled career of growth which has never ceased to astonish the world.

We are now in the second year of the second century of national life under that constitution, our country having reached a prouder height of physical strength and of moral power than has ever been attained by another. There are men living, older than this masterly production, born when we numbered but three million souls, scattered along the eastern edge of 900,000 square miles of domain. Now we own an area of more than three million square miles, a territory by the side of which the proudest European dynasties, says Webster, are but a patch upon the surface of the earth. European distances are but steps to ours, and European rivers but brooks. The Missouri—Mississippi rivers and tributaries afford 35,000 miles of navigation, and a steamboat from Fort Benton may pass in one river a greater distance than from New York to Constantinople, or across on ocean and the full length of the largest sea in the world. Our country would make sixty States as large as England and Wales. Our population is nearly sixty-five millions. Nor is there danger of the vast American fabric disintegrating, it won't rip nor ravel, and is being knit tighter and stronger as it expands, by the iron bands of rail and wire, and the mutual intertwining of interests common to the whole people. Our country extends through the north temperate zone, the world girdling belt of activity, health and wealth. Within our forests are found the useful trees, the pine, the oak, and kindred of a hundred names. We grow the wheat, corn, and flax of the North, and the cotton, rice and sugar of the South. Our cattle feed upon a thousand hills. From the bosom of the ground we dig all the precious and useful metals.

At the close of the Revolutionary war the country had probably \$750,000,000 worth of personal property and real estate—about what Minnesota is worth to-day. Then our representatives were begging foreign capitalists and governments for a paltry loan of \$1,000,000, offering usurious rates of interest; now it puzzles our statesmen to get rid of our surplus income, and our bonds are the best in the world.

However important our pecuniary wealth and material power may be at this time, which gives us commanding influence and high place among the great nations of the earth, there are other features of our national life which are of profound significance—our moral, intellectual and social development. Our condition in this regard is a matter of congratulation and should fill each patriotic heart with exaltation higher than any boast of riches or display of material strength. No land takes as good care of the defective and unfortunate classes. Our schools are the finest on earth and free to rich and poor. The churches are drawing nearer together in general union for the common weal. The growth and ability of our newspaper press is wonderful. The great Twin Cities of Minnesota print more papers than in all the United States, of a hundred years ago, with 3,000,000 population. Then men lived in isolated communities with little exchange of ideas and less of commodities. The hand performed all the work that was done, and the modes of travel and communication were as primitive as those of manufacture. Anyone as old as the constitution could have found on the statute books of England more than 200 offences for which death was the penalty, while in our own land a score or more of crimes were visited with the same punishment.

Then the stage was the mode of travel; steamboats and locomotives were unknown. When Napoleon was overwhelmed at Waterloo in 1815, it took three days for the news to reach London and weeks after to America. But the speed of horses was too slow and steam was put into harness and the mail hurried along at twenty and fifty miles an hour; yet communication was not fast enough; express trains

lagged, so electricity was called into use and the wire now bears the speech and thoughts of men. The phonograph imprisons human sounds and repeats them from waxen tablets. A minute binds the continents and messages from England are delivered in the cities of the Mississippi Valley long in advance of the hour date in London, a feat in which man beats the sun. The cannon boom announcing strife does not cease echoing on any continent before the news has been flashed over the world and put in solid type plates ready for the printing press hurried by fast express to remote cities and towns along with metropolitan dailies.

No such broad political freedom was ever enjoyed by other republics, and no restriction is placed upon any mode of worship. No law prohibits the people from discussing any measures of government and the humblest citizen has access to the highest office of the land. No armed sentinel is necessary at the portals of an American official. In no land is there a greater diffusion of intelligence and morality. And we are the best fed and best clothed people in the world.

"Breathe there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

The same keen and tremendous energy that carried us to material greatness, also lifted us to pre-eminence in every sphere of labor and thought, physical, mental and moral. The story of the fertility of our inventors, the skill of our mechanics, the energy of our business men, and the industry of our farmers is too long for brief recital. We build railroads and make machinery for ourselves and for other countries. Minnesota fluming mills are the largest in the world.

American clocks and watches tick in foreign homes and pockets; we carry coals to New Castle and cutlery to Sheffield; our machinery harvests the grain on every continent; our books are being read by scholars across the seas; we furnish telephones and sleeping cars to the old world; our guns arm the soldiers of eastern nations. We are ahead of the "whole business" on everything, "and don't you forget it." American freedom is the ghost that will not down in the banquet of nations, says Dr. Strong. Europe calls us Americans and thus gives us the entire continent. De Tocqueville long ago said "The Americans of the United States must become the greatest nation of the earth. The continent which they inhabit must become their domain." And Minnesota is in the heart of the continent.

MOSES FOLSOM.

BIRD LIFE IN ALASKA.

The interior and northern parts of the country are the greatest breeding places for birds yet discovered. Here myriads of the feathered tribe, consisting of geese, ducks, swans, and the like, come annually to lay their eggs, and to fatten upon the abundance of wild berries. The geese, especially, become so fat at the close of the season, feeding upon the bountiful supply of wholesome food, that they can hardly fly, and are knocked over with clubs by the natives, who in turn feast luxuriously upon their tender flesh. On the banks of the Yukon, the great river of Central Alaska is found the breeding places of the canvas-back ducks, where their nests cover the earth in incalculable numbers. At the first approach of winter these birds take flight for the south, or their home in the temperate zone, the old birds being accompanied by the broods they have hatched in the solitudes of the far north. The smaller tribes of birds are well represented in Alaska; even the domestic robin is seen as far north as Sitka, which is in latitude fifty-seven degrees and three minutes north. It is warmer there than the average temperature of Portland, Maine, and the winters are milder than are those of Boston. The harbor of Sitka is never frozen over. In the Yukon Valley further north, within the Arctic circle, the remains of elephants and buffaloes are found, showing that it was once a tropical region.—M. M. Ballou.



No one at all familiar with the two Dakotas can feel himself a stranger on the prairies of Manitoba. The landscapes are the same—vast plains stretching out on all sides to the horizon; conical wheat stacks grouped by fours over all the wide-extending fields; farm buildings here and there, increased in apparent size by atmospheric effects; fringes of poplars, oaks and elms along the water-courses, with thickets of roses and trailing vines where the wild grape ripens its purple, aromatic clusters; the roads all broad and straight and as black and hard as vulcanized India-rubber; and the persistent winds bending the prairie grasses, the wild sunflowers and the tall reeds in the marshes. The farm buildings will, I think, average a little better for size in Manitoba than in the Dakotas. A large number of Scotch and English farmers came into the Province when railways were first built, and brought with them money enough to make good improvements on their claims. They built large barns and granaries and planted groves of soft maple and poplar around their houses, thus relieving the bleakness of the prairie with cheery and home-like places.

THE Manitoba towns are very much like those in the Dakotas and on the Minnesota side of the Red River Valley, with their tall, brown grain elevators, their lumber yards by the railway track, their conspicuous school buildings, their scattered cottages painted white or in some shade of brown, their plank sidewalks and their wide business streets—too wide for comfort—bordered by incongruous store fronts of many hues and diverse heights. There are a few points of difference, however. The big brick court house, built with county bonds, is not seen in the Manitoba towns. Hotels are more numerous for the reason that in Manitoba licenses for selling liquor are given only to hotel-keepers, so that a man who wants to keep a saloon must furnish bed and board as well as drink. Churches appear to be more numerous, too. Religious life in all parts of the Dominion of Canada is more active than in the United States. The various sects are zealous and aggressive. Sunday is strictly kept in Puritan fashion except in Roman Catholic communities, and everybody goes to the houses of worship.

AT the Presbyterian Church in Portage la Prairie, I noticed a novel feature in the service. The preacher, a Scotchman, with a broad accent, broad shoulders and a strong, genial face, gave out from the pulpit a list of the parishioners on whom he proposed to call on each day of the following week, omitting one day on which there was to be an agricultural fair. The custom has much to commend it. People know in advance when the minister will make his pastoral visit and can have the children in their best clothes, the house tidied up and a cake baked. In Manitoba the dwelling of a Presbyterian preacher is called the manse—a pretty name now fallen into disuse in the United States and recalled only by English novels and by Hawthorne's volume of short stories—"Mosses from an Old Manse."

In Portage la Prairie I saw a placard announcing—"Marriage Licenses sold at Post-office by W. H. Smith." This is a convenient arrangement. A man can buy his permit to marry at the same place where he gets his postage stamps. While marriage is made easy in the Province, divorce is very difficult. Appli-

cation must be made to a committee of the Dominion Senate at Ottawa and a bill passed by both Senate and Commons. Practically there is no divorce in Canada, for less than a dozen cases a year are disposed of by the Parliament. There is now an agitation throughout the country for the establishment of a divorce court.

IN Manitoba the dominant public question is now the repeal of the dual language law, which requires the support of French schools, the publication of the proceedings of Parliament in both French and English and the employment of an interpreter to stand at the clerk's desk in the House and translate all motions and bills into French. All this is a survival of early days when half the population was composed of French Canadians and French half-breeds. Now all the French-speaking people intelligent enough to take part in public affairs can understand English. To maintain two official languages is expensive and needless, serving only to gratify the race pride of an element not composing one-tenth of the total population of the Province.

I THINK the destiny of Manitoba is to be peopled by emigrants from the extreme northern countries of Europe. It is a cold country, but its climate is better than that of Iceland, or the Scotch Highlands, or Northern Norway and Sweden, or Finland, and it possesses a remarkably fertile soil where crops grow rapidly during the short, warm summers. Spring is tardy, but Autumn lingers far into November, with its clear, bright days and frosty nights. Some part of the overflow of population from the older Canadian Provinces goes to Manitoba, but fully four-fifths of it comes to the United States and will continue to do so. In Northern Europe there is a fruitful field for Manitoba to draw upon for the additional population of which she is in need, to develop her resources, support her railways and make her towns prosperous.

Most Americans suppose, I imagine, that the relations of the Canadian Provinces to the central government of the Dominion are closely analogous to those of a State to the Union. They are not. I was impressed with this fact in the course of an interesting conversation with Premier Greenway, of Manitoba, who spent an evening in THE NORTHWEST car, in Winnipeg, lately. The powers of the Dominion are a grant from the Imperial government and the powers of the Province are a grant from the Dominion government. In making this grant the Dominion government has carefully reserved to itself the three strong arms of power—the purse, the sword and the administration of justice. The provincial government is carried on with money sent from Ottawa. In the case of Manitoba the sum is \$450,000 a year. The Lieutenant Governor of the Province is appointed and paid by the Dominion government. The Provincial militia is organized and maintained by the same authority. The judges of the courts are also named by the central power. It will be seen that the functions of the Provincial government are very circumscribed and are enjoyed, not as a matter of right, but as a conceded privilege. The people elect nobody but their representatives in the municipal councils and the Provincial and Dominion parliaments. All executive and judicial officers are appointed, either by the Dominion or the Provincial government.

MANITOBA has harvested a fair wheat crop this year, has obtained as the result of immigration efforts about ten thousand new settlers, and is evidently entering on a new career of prosperity. The people attribute this cheerful condition of things largely to the construction of new railroads and the breaking of the old Canadian Pacific monopoly. They say there has been more substantial progress in the past year than there was in the five preceding years. The Province will be able to offer fertile lands in great abundance to settlers for many years to come. It is an immense prairie region, where soil and climate are singularly favorable to the production of wheat.

I WAS much interested in New York, last month, in noting with how little ado the control of a great railway corporation, owning property worth at least two hundred millions of dollars, passes from the hands of an old board of directors to those of a new one. Thirty or forty well-dressed, quiet-mannered men, middle-aged or elderly, assembled in a large room on the sixth floor of a large building fronting on Wall Street. They shook hands and chatted amicably. A few exchanged whispers in corners. Two men sat at a table in an ante-room with big stock ledgers open before them. At twelve o'clock, a tall, smiling gentleman announced that the polls were open for the choice of directors. One by one the thirty or forty people present passed into the ante-room and handed to the tellers little slips of paper, printed and signed, called proxies. The tellers compared these proxies with the data in their ledgers and then put them under paper-weights. At one o'clock the tall chairman said that the polls were closed, and that the result would be announced at two. Then everybody went to lunch. At two, one of the tellers, who had performed the same function from time immemorial, read the count from a half sheet of paper and the whole affair was over. The victors and the vanquished lingered a few minutes to talk about the outcome of the election in as friendly a manner as if there were no exultation and no disappointment beneath their placid business deportment, as there must have been in reality, and then the meeting broke up.

Of the old directors of the Northern Pacific, who managed the road when it was struggling for life in the wilderness of Northern Minnesota and Dakota, only one now remains upon the Board. That is Charles B. Wright, of Philadelphia. He is the surviving veteran of the old Jay Cooke regime. The financial control of the road has been steadily changing since Villard returned from Europe in 1887. There is a great deal of German money in it now and much more is ready to go in when the new consolidated mortgage bonds are issued. In its financial backing the Northern Pacific is now much the strongest of the transcontinental lines. It will make new and long strides forward during the next few years.

"NO MAN'S LAND" IN MINNESOTA.

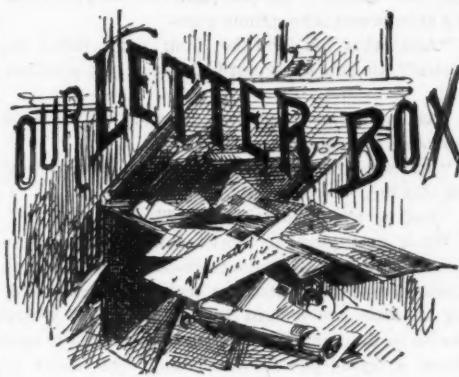
Bordering on the southeast corner of Wadena County and south of the Crow Wing River is a strip of land which does not belong to any of the three counties that touch it. These counties are Wadena, Cass and Todd. This strip contains about three sections of land and some of it is and has been for several years occupied by a few settlers. When the boundary lines of the three counties named above were fixed by the legislature this little parcel of the State of Minnesota appears to have been completely overlooked. If any crime was committed there it is doubtful if anything could be done with the criminal as the justices of the peace in the three counties bordering this strip would have no jurisdiction. This land is properly called "No Man's Land." Gentlemen of the pugilistic persuasion would probably find a secluded spot in this strip for a ring battle, or if any one of the three counties wish to enlarge its possessions it can probably secure an enactment of the legislature attaching it thereto.—*Wadena Pioneer.*

LIBERTIES IN DANGER.

Colonel Befohthwah (in Louisville)—"It won't do, sah, it won't do. It's an outrage. The idea of allowing the watah company to put meters in houses to measnah the watah used. It must be stopped, sah."

Northern Capitalist—"I didn't suppose, Colonel, that any proposition to restrict the use of water would so interest you."

Colonel Befohthwah—"It isn't that, sah, it's the principle of the thing. Allow that, sah, and the fust thing you know the bahkeepers will be measuring their whisky instead of handing out the bottle."



Hindering Irrigation Enterprises.

HELENA, Oct. 10, 1889.

To the Editor of *The Northwest Magazine*:

With the rapid progress of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, we are advancing too fast in only one particular—that of legislation. Our financial and industrial prosperity has as much to fear from legislation as from any other source. The average American embryotic statesman is generally elected to office with but little prior experience, and proceeds at once to legislate for our own and rising generations with as much gusto as a small boy smokes his first cigar. This danger applies especially to the Territories, which are now about to take upon themselves the habiliments of statehood, and amongst all the other unfortunate legislation none is doing more to hamper the present growth of these sections than the bill which passed Congress at the last session providing that certain lands and reservoir sites in the arid regions shall be withdrawn from entry and the water, which may be used to water such lands, withdrawn from location. A reading of the bill seems to warrant the assumption that all arid lands and the waters which may be used to irrigate them are withdrawn from entry and location. Major J. W. Powell, of the geological department, has sent his engineers into these regions and they are rapidly surveying these lands, reservoir sites and streams of water and as fast as their reports are furnished the Commissioner of the General Land Office is issuing his orders to local land officers to withdraw these lands from entry. This is probably done with the false idea that vast corporations are at once going to spring up, seize these water rights and lands and monopolize them from the people, a thing which, owing to the sparsely populated condition of these regions is impossible within the present generation. When the arid regions of the Territories have grown to have at least two people to the square mile, and at least one of them a white man or woman, it will be time enough for the general government to commence restrictive legislation. To restrict such an important infant industry as irrigation is an inhibition upon the growth of a very large proportion of the very best part of our country and what is needed instead is a liberal let-alone policy.

We would not dare to criticise the work of so great a man as Major J. W. Powell. We all honor him as one of the benefactors of science and of the human race. He is the father of the development of our greatest future internal industry, "irrigation," but his subordinates have surveyed lands and water privileges in the most wholesale manner, describing them by townships, and reported them for withdrawal from location and entry. This course may be considered necessary in order to comply with the Act but it will surely bring the Act into disfavor with the people of the West and finally make a great outcry for its repeal. The work of the Senatorial Committee on Irrigation can, however, be made productive of great good—by drawing attention to the important subject of irrigation, and if the information obtained through the work of Major Powell shall be accumulated into published reports, so that intending settlers and irrigation companies can learn where ditches can

be built, where they can run, what lands they may cover, where storage reservoirs may be made, how they can be built and how much water they can be made to furnish from streams or drainage of melting snows and rains and how much they will cost, many irrigation enterprises will take inception which would otherwise be unknown, immigration to the arid regions would in this way be greatly encouraged, happy homes would arise out of the desert waste, the arid regions made to blossom as the rose and unborn generations arise to call Major Powell and Congress blessed.

Give us large appropriations to make surveys and to publish reports to the great multitude of anxious home hunters, so that they may be directed to where they can find land and water, and the industry and enterprise of Americans will do the rest.

Instead of this the government is issuing its orders (as fast as the local engineers report the description of the land to the government) withdrawing those lands from entry. I know of three irrigation enterprises that were being inaugurated by the homesteaders and pre-emptors (and not capitalists) in Montana and Idaho, which have been abandoned because they discovered after they had commenced work that the government surveyors had surveyed and the Commissioner of the General Land Office had withdrawn the vacant lands from entry and the water rights from location. In order to aid the reclamation of arid lands we do not want restrictive legislation but just the opposite. There is no danger of monopoly as long as land and water goes begging for takers at any price and while irrigation securities upon irrigation canals cannot be sold at any figure.

J. D. MCINTYRE.

THE OLD CAPITAL OF IDAHO.

I find some rivalry here about the capital of the coming State, and so am tempted to tell the fate of a former capital of Idaho.

Get a map and put your finger on Lewiston. The writer held one end of the lasso-rope that laid off this town in 1861, and had something to do with giving it the name it now bears. For you must know that here Lewis and Clark wintered in 1803-4. Here they left their horses in care of friendly Indians and found their way to the mouth of the Oregon River by nearly a thousand miles of canoe. Permit me to digress enough to say that the Indians had no horses up to that time. All the innumerable Indian ponies that dotted these hills and valleys when I first came here sprang from those of Lewis and Clark.

Well, now follow up Salmon River from Lewiston till you come to Millersville. You do not find it? Ah, Millersville is not on the new maps now. Neither is Florence, the first capital of Idaho. They are indeed nowhere. But this is the story of them: The route up Salmon River from Lewiston was the Indian trail by which I first rode my express to and from the new mines of Idaho. Millersville was the place where I had my "express office." A town grew up there in ten days in the dense little pine trees that seemed to have no bound or limit; for people poured in, upon and about the express office and settled down by thousands daily.

Then an old doctor by the name of Ferbur camped with a pack train loaded with a drug store and babies. There was a pretty girl, by the name of Florence, at the head of the babies, and this was the first family in the mines. He wanted lot in Millersville by the express office. No one would sell a lot for less than a fortune; and so he went up on the hill, half a mile further, with his drug store and babies and laid out Florence. And all the men who came after that went to Florence, where the pretty girl was, and Florence became the capital of Idaho. But the wolf and the owl hold possession of both our cities now—a warning to builders and to "boomers."—Joaquin Miller.

A WIRE-GRASS PICTURE.

BY "SARJOU."

A two-room log house with a low, dilapidated "worm" fence around it, a ragged honeysuckle vine at one side of the door, which is never closed winter or summer, a few stunted rose bushes bordering the path of white sand that glistened blindingly in the sun of a midsummer day, from the broken gate to the rickety doorstep.

A traveler drew his horse up at the gate, and, after the fashion of the country, shouted "Hello!" He heard a sonorous growl from within the house, as if an ill-natured African lion had been disturbed from an afternoon slumber; then a shrill voice commanded, "You, Watch, git right back thar!" and the great yellow dog immediately retired to his favorite couch beneath the high, uncurtained bedstead.

A few moments later there protruded from the open door an enormous corn-cob pipe, from which smoke was curling in a large, blue column. As the pipe, with several sections of stem, gradually made itself visible, it became evident that the other end disappeared in an old woman's mouth—a dry, expressionless mouth, surrounded with ever-widening circles of wrinkles, as is the center of a tree, which circles took in a long, sharp nose, a hooked chin, two bright, inquisitive eyes, and finally disappeared under the folds of a cotton handkerchief bound over snowy hair.

Then the handle of the pipe was with an effort extracted from its accustomed place between the old cracker mother's lips as she called, "Ole man, ole man, here's some 'un as wunster see you."

The pipe is replaced and the thin column of blue smoke curls lazily up as the stranger sits in silence under close scrutiny from the eyes above the primitive pipe as well as from a pair of bright, starry orbs, dimly visible through a crack between two logs of the cabin.

Presently a thick stream of dark yellow fluid is projected from around a corner of the building with the force and volume of a lawn sprinkler, a heavy quid of tobacco is flung out among the stunted rose bushes, and an old man—dwarfed in appearance, with a lean and slender frame, yellow skin, thick gray locks, from which projects an aquiline nose and peer two ferret-like and furtive eyes—came slowly slouching into view. He wears patched and darned brown jean clothes, and, as it is summer, he does not wear any shoes at all. He speaks first, saying in a breath,

"Good—even—tallable—light, mister?"

The stranger "lights" and enters the house, which, after the glaring, sandy path outside, looks as cool and gloomy as a grotto. There he came face to face with the peeping girl of the starry eyes, who, indeed appears, in contrast with her homely surroundings, a rare vision of girlish loveliness, but no one "makes him acquainted."

The star-eyed girl, whom the mother calls "Soonie," brings him directly a drink of cool spring water in a small long-handled gourd, which is white and light as cork, and which seems to impart an agreeable flavor and sweetness to the water.

The mother sits beside the doorway, knitting smoking and gazing down the long sandy road as she has done every day these last fifty years. Along that lonesome road, she tells the stranger, her old man brought her to this house the day they were married—only he wasn't an old man then, but one of the finest boys in the country; along that road her only son Benny marched away "to jine Gov'nor Brown," but he never came back; along that road, later on, came one division of Sherman's conquering hosts as they swept on to the sea, and along that road some day in the near future she will be carried in a rough pine box, on a jolting ox-cart, up to the grave yard at New Prospect church and laid to rest. Old man Tubbs with similar thoughts, perhaps, sits near her, rubbing his bare feet together and industriously chewing a new tobacco cud and spitting with deadly precision at the

lazy flies basking in the sun on the doorstep, and asking at intervals, like minute guns.

"And what did you say your name moint be, mister?" though the guest had not as yet mentioned it.

"And you come from where, mister?" failing to use the name after obtaining it.

"And what mout be your business, mister?" clinging still to his favorite title.

"And be you a Yankee, mister?"

While gratifying his host's curiosity the visitor glances curiously about the room on his own account. About the open fireplace, at which the family cooking is done, are ranged the only cooking vessels known in the Southern backwoods—an oven to bake bread, a frying pan in which they spoil about all meats, a deep pot to boil "greens," and a coffee pot in which they compound a black decoction, strong and bitter, and which they drink enormously, unassisted with either sugar or milk. Strings of red pepper hang in long festoons from the rafters overhead, along with home raised hams, ears of popcorn and bags of unknown contents; on pegs along the walls hang the entire wardrobes of all the family. Two tall beds fill the rear of the cabin, and under one of these "Watch" is growling at the stranger's voice and sleepily scratching fleas.

Supper comes at sundown—a feast of crisp fried meat, hard biscuits and bitter black coffee. Even these were palatable, however, after a long day's ride across those desolate pine barrens, and Mr. Tubb's invitation to "set up, mister, an' eat hearty" was cheerfully accepted by the latter.

Soonie's beau came in after supper, a buzzy-faced, silly-looking young fellow, who went quite off his head at the sight of the stranger, and could only giggle and look more foolish than ever. In Soonie's eyes, however, he was evidently a very precious piece of humanity, though she cast many pleasant looks toward the guest.

As soon as the supper things were cleared away Mrs. Tubb "fixed the beds," and instructing the traveler to "lie along o' the ole man," she and Soonie left the room.

"You's ter sleep in here with me, mister," said the old man, rubbing his bare feet on the floor and tumbling into bed with only as much preparation as a hog might make, and was soon snoring frightfully. In a few moments the ladies came back into the room and Mrs. Tubb turned in.

Soonie and her lover were now left alone before the great fireplace, she standing on one side of the hearth nervously toying with a china cup and saucer of cheap, gaudy pattern, while he on the opposite side chewed vigorously and expectorated freely to the imminent risk of soiling her Sunday dress and extinguishing the fire. How silly and frightened he looked as Soonie, seating herself began idly picking at her frock, blushing vividly, and left the opening of the evenings exercises entirely with him.

"Saw a mighty purty chicken fight up to ther store this evening, huh, huh," said he.

"Did ye' which whipped?"

The ice was broken. John Henry filled her lap with peanuts and stripped stick candy, and when the traveler again looked toward them their chairs were hopelessly jammed, and all outlines were confused.

It may have been that the presence of the handsome and well-dressed stranger prompted John Henry to unusual boldness to-night; at any rate he was soon telling his love in true backwoods heroics. If he was bashful and awkward, she was coy and shy. Perhaps she, too, was thinking of the traveller and comparing his easy, instructed grace with her lover's heavy lumbering manners. She held back and hesitated long before putting her promise into words.

"Oh, Miss Soonie," he finally blurted out, "If you likes me and don't wanter say so, jist squeeze my hand—now, squeeze."

This appeal was probably irresistible, for the next moment her heavy masses of auburn hair hung over his shoulders, and her bangs were all mussed up with

his caroty forelocks, while the red ribbon at her throat and his flaming necktie were indistinguishably mingled.

The fire burned slowly out and was not replenished, but Henry staid until the weary traveler, with many sad memories tugging at his heart, drew the cover over his head and slept, despite the snoring of his strange old bedfellow.

When he awoke the next morning the entire family had been long up, the old man was out feeding the cattle; Mrs. Tubb sat in the doorway smoking and looking down the lonely road, thinking, perhaps, of that fair, brave hearted boy who so long ago went out that way to "jine Gov'nor Brown," as the smoke curled blue and lazily from her pipe; Soonie was making bread at a table a few feet from the bedside.

"Good mawnin'," she said with a smile on her ripe red lips, which looked sweet and tempting until he thought of John Henry's tobacco stained mouth, and shuddered.

"You'd better be gettin' up," she said, "breakfas' is most ready."

Get up! It certainly was time to get up, but how was that to be done with a blooming, bright-eyed and closely observant young lady looking calmly on at a distance of six feet?

How he suffered as the time flew onward and she loitered about the table, and would not go away nor turn her back upon him. The biscuits were all made, and she began to set the table, calling him "a lazy boy" as she paused every few moments to look at him, and again telling him it was "time to git up an' wash."

* * * * *

A year later the traveler came again that way.

Half a mile up the road he stopped at a new one-roomed cabin. In the doorway sat Soonie with a cob pipe in her mouth, and she was knitting and rocking a white-haired baby. In the pine woods all the children have white hair. A dog inside the house growled heavily, but was quickly silenced. Soonie recognized the traveller and called her husband.

John Henry came slowly into view from behind the house, ejected a shower of tobacco juice upon a flower bed, threw a well worn quid among the straggling rose bushes and said, all in one breath:

"Good even'—tallable—light, mister?"

A KENTUCKY STORY.

"Twas a gentleman's game,
And me and the major
Sat into the same
Just to pass away time,
For we cared not a dime
For the wager.

There was one at the board
Amazingly silly.
But he seemed to be stored
With plenty of stuff
For a good game o' bluff,
Did this gillie.

He was one o' that kind
That told by his action
The state of his mind.
So we knowed by his look
Every hand that he took
To a fraction.

When it came to his play,
And we both had appraised him,
He reckoned he'd stay,
But we knowed he was cooked
By the way that he looked,
So we raised him.

Waal, he tilted us back,
And me an' the major
Set in a whole stack
Just to learn the young fool
That it wasn't a good rule
For to wager.

Then he reached for the pot
As he looked in our faces
And said: "Tell ye what,
You want to look gruff
When ye'r going to bluff
With four aces."

—Chicago News.

A SPLENDID COUNTRY.

"Where is the best land in Washington to be homesteaded?" was asked of Mr. L. S. Howlett, who, for quite a period, had charge of the United States land office at North Yakima, in the very heart of the new State.

"The best land for a man to homestead, in my judgment," was the reply, "is up near the British line, in a tract as yet unsurveyed. It is known as the Columbia or Moses reservation, taking its name from old Moses, who was a famous Indian chief. But the settler who takes a claim there now will have to squat on it and wait for the government survey. The best land which has been surveyed and can be taken at the United States Land offices without delay is in the Big Bend country, as it is called on account of the sweeping curve the Columbia makes around two sides of it. It is fifty miles south of the British line, and is across the Columbia, east from the Moses country. This Moses country consists of fertile bottoms along the little creeks, with timber along the hills. The Big Bend country is a great table land covered with bunch grass. It has no sage brush and does not look to irrigation for its development. It is like the Walla Walla wheat country."

"Now what will you say is the best thing for the eastern farmer who sells out and comes to Washington with a few thousand dollars, prepared to buy rather than homestead?"

"That man," said Mr. Howlett, "should settle in the Palouse, Walla Walla or Yakima regions. Land can still be had at reasonable prices, say from \$5 to \$25 an acre, and it is bound to increase in value. It is the kind of land which produces thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. There are many old settlers who came in early and who are willing to sell out at prices which are cheap, considering the productive value. I think that for five years to come farms can be bought in the regions I have mentioned at figures below their real values. For several years I have been buying up old ranches at from \$3.50 to \$40 an acre, dividing them at from \$60 to \$200 an acre. That is a general indication of the way things are going."—*Yakima Herald*.

HUNTING FOSSILS.

A crowd of professors, students and pack mules, is over in the John Day country searching for fossils. The ignorance of Easter people concerning matters pertaining to this coast is truly wonderful, and the ground chosen by this party of scientists to prospect for fossils in, is a fair example of it. Had they understood their business they would have purchased through tickets to Portland and stopped at the hotels there while prosecuting their search. It is true there are some fine fossils up John Daywards but at the best the specimens are only fossilized animals. In Portland the party could have found without trouble perfect specimens of fossilized men. Some of the interior towns (excepting our own of course) could furnish fine specimens, but Portland has the advantage of through ticket rates and competitive point fossils.—*Wasco, (Or.) Sun*.

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

People are beginning to agree with a late writer in the *Scientific American* that the source of supply that furnishes the artesian wells in the Red River Valley is in the Rocky Mountains. This theory is borne out by the success of the well at Devils Lake. That well can't receive its water from the north, for north of Devils Lake is down hill—running toward Hudson's Bay. South is down hill, also, running toward the Missouri River. There is every reason to believe that the Missouri Valley at Mandan is in the same scope of the same supply, just as the Missouri Valley at Yankton is. The people at Bismarck are lamenting every day that they did not prosecute their search for water to a greater depth than 1,500 feet. They made the initial blunder of starting at the top of a hill, instead of in a valley.—*Mandan Pioneer*.

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Wisconsin.

THE directory of the city of Superior, recently compiled, contains 4,959 names, an increase of 2,697 over last year. By using the common multiple of two and seven-eighths the present population of the city appears to be 14,239. Few people whose business has not called them to Superior during the past few months are aware of the rapid and substantial growth that is going on of late in this new commercial and manufacturing center.

Minnesota.

It is believed at Duluth that the transfer of the property of the Minnesota Car company to the Minnesota Iron Car company will result in making that city the most important manufacturing point for iron cars in the world. The new company has a capital of \$2,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is cash paid in.

THE directory of Duluth, recently completed, surprises even the sanguine people who have been estimating the present population of that expanding city. The ratio of two and seven-eighths, commonly used to convert directory names into population, gives over 46,000 as the number of inhabitants. The enormous increase of the present year has been mainly achieved by the establishment of important manufacturing industries.

THE launching of the latest McDougall "whale-back," the 103, this afternoon, marks the notable success of the new shipbuilding industry at the head of the lakes. In the remarkably short period of sixty-two working days this iron transport has been completed and will take her first cargo in on Monday. In quick succession will follow the 104, 105 and 106, of this noteworthy series, one of which will be fitted with improved propelling machinery and will be the crack tow-boat of the lakes. The working success of the device is now fully demonstrated and its inventor should have due credit for his years of thought and skill and energy by which it has been realized. Duluth's fleet of whale-backs will soon be recognized as one of the most signal achievements in modern boat building and their production here is both a credit and a service to the city.—*Duluth Herald*.

THE government commission, at the head of which is the Hon. Henry M. Rice, of St. Paul, appointed to negotiate with the various tribes of Indians holding reservations in Minnesota for the acceptance of land in severalty and the cession of the portion of their reservations not required for this purpose, has been very successful. The Indians of the Red Lake reservation have ceded nearly 3,000,000 acres. The White Earth Indians give up 100,000 acres. Large tracts of pine lands around the lakes which the Upper Mississippi drains and also around Mille Lac have been relinquished by the tribes in those regions. Many smaller cessions have been made by insignificant remnants of tribes. In all Mr. Rice estimates that the lands recovered by the government are worth not less than \$60,000,000. It may be doubted whether any man in the country other than Ex-Senator Rice could have effected this result. He is known to all the bands of Chippewas and Sioux and greatly beloved and trusted by them. The Indians will receive much substantial aid from the government in the way of money to maintain schools and establish farms, in return for their concessions.

North Dakota.

THE code of Dakota provides that any person who maintains a watering trough beside the highway for the use of the public shall be entitled to a rebate of \$5 a year on road tax, and \$3 more for adding a bucket and cup.

THERE are hundreds now owning good farms in Dakota, free from incumbrances, who began with absolutely nothing and had to hire themselves out before they could even pay the land office fees for the claims they took up.

THE want of good roads is not one of the needs of the Dakotas. In the East and South, where farmers haul their products to market over rough, uneven and muddy roads, the expenses often more than balance the profits. The advantages of good roads are understood and appreciated by those who have struggled and toiled over the bad fall and spring roads of the Eastern and Southern states. In the Dakotas large loads can be hauled, and horses spared the constant worry and strain caused by muddy and uneven roads. A good all-the-year-round road is one of the boasts of Dakota, and yet we hear little mention made of it as one of her many inducements.

GRATIS DAKOTA.—Commissioner of Immigration, J. H. Hagerty, says in his recent crop report: "If the superiority of Dakota as an agricultural region needed further demonstration it is to be found in the results of this year's crops. Exports were sent broadcast over the country that the crops in Dakota were an almost total failure. Indeed within the Territory, the gravest apprehensions were entertained, for never was the producing capacity for a region more severely tried by adverse circumstances. There was an unusual lack of rainfall, and in some regions the grain was beseiged, while yet in the milk, by hot winds; yet out of what seemed disaster, out of what veritably might have proved ashes, Dakota again rises phoenix-like and surprises the world with a succession of splendid crop totals. Again the Empire Territory distances every State and Territory in the production of wheat, and rolls up the grand total of 44,009,092 bushels, a total based upon a careful estimate, and best of all, nearly every bushel of this great amount is of the very highest grade, largely of the No. 1, hard variety,—richer in the albuminoids than the wheat of any region in the world. As will be seen from the accompanying tables the total acreage of wheat in Dakota for 1889 was 4,869,717 acres, the yield as above stated was 44,069,092 bushels; the total acreage of oats was 1,122,462, and the yield 21,389,708 bushels; the total acreage of corn 814,677, and the yield 22,832,073 bushels; the total acreage of barley 255,969, and the total yield 4,455,777; the total acreage of rye 19,754, and the total yield 301,107 bushels; 3,033 acres of buckwheat yielded 32,564 bushels; 45,666 acres of potatoes yielded 4,038,262 bushels, while 403,314 acres of flax produced 3,288,115 bushels of flax seed."

Montana.

THE Manitoba company is extending its Sand Coulee branch to the Neihart mining district.

THE Montana Mining Company (Drum Lummon) paid in London, October 15th, dividends aggregating \$82,500.

THE smelter at Castle is turning out on an average about 160 bars of bullion each shift, and nearly all the available freighters are kept busy hauling this output to the railroad for shipment to Aurora, Illinois.

THE contract for the construction of the Northern Pacific & Montana Railroad from Missoula to the Cœur d'Alene country has been let to Wood & Larsen, contractors. The contract calls for the completion of forty miles of road by the first of June next.

ON the Gallatin branch of the Northern Pacific track-laying is progressing rapidly, and it is expected that most of it will be completed by the time the tunnel is through on the summit, there being about 300 feet yet to run before daylight is let through.—*Bozeman Chronicle*.

GREAT FALLS has secured the smelting and refining works of the Boston & Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company. It is claimed that the plant will be much the largest in Montana, and will involve the development of the fine water power at Great Falls, which will cost about \$500,000.

THE contract for the erection and completion of the water works for Livingston has been let and work virtually commenced on what will make Livingston blossom as flower garden and give to her citizens a feeling of security that in case of fire, water will be at hand to quench it. Engineer Sam Bundoock has been at work several days surveying the course for a ditch from a point in the canyon to the bluffs north of the city, where the reservoir will be situated. A complete system of water mains and taps will be placed all over the city, thus placing the water within the reach of every resident of the town. The contract price for the work is nearly \$60,000.—*Livingston Post*.

THE Great Falls & Canada Railroad company has been incorporated at Great Falls, with \$2,500,000 capital. The company will build a railroad from Great Falls to the Canadian line, whence the same parties will build to the coal mines at Lethbridge, Can., which is connected with the Canadian Pacific by a railroad 110 miles long. The principal incorporator is Donald Grant, the well known railroad builder. The principal purpose of the road is to provide an outlet for the coal fields at Lethbridge. The new road will pass west of the Sweet Grass region in Chouteau County. The Lethbridge coal is of no better quality than that of a number of mines in Montana and will not readily find a market on the American side of the boundary.

THE FLATHEAD COUNTRY.—The mountains in this country are of aqueous and igneous formation. In our river beds we find blue and dolomite lime, granite, sandstone, talc and metamorphic slate, dolf spar and good specimens of hematite iron have been found. Fair prospects of gold and silver ore have been found, good indications of placer are said to exist in streams tributary to White River. Prospecting in this country is in its infancy, as but few practical and experienced miners have ever visited it. It yet remains for them to explore this country and uncover the treasure now hidden by earth and snow

in these silent and lofty peaks. On these mountains and on the margin of streams, lakes and rivers, are immense forests of deciduous and evergreen trees; huckleberries, raspberries, gooseberries, plums, currants and wild cherries are indigenous to the country. It is claimed that anthracite, bituminous and brown lignite coal abound, and good evidence of the existence of coal and oil is abundant.—*Inter Lake*.

Washington.

A STOCK company has been organized in Dayton for the purpose of erecting a hotel to cost \$40,000.

SEATTLE capitalists have bought ground on which it intended to erect a magnificent theatre, to cost \$200,000. It will be ready for use by early summer.

IT is estimated that the forests of Washington contain not less than 175,000,000,000 feet of uncut hemlock and fir, averaging from 25,000 to 60,000 feet per acre.

A STRONG money syndicate, C. E. Frey, of Colorado, Judge Olney, General Wilson and others, have purchased large land interests in and about Pasco, and purpose to build a large hotel and various manufacturing and other enterprises.

PORT BLAKELY mill, the largest on the Sound, employs 250 men and turns out 300,000 feet of lumber daily. Two large ocean ships are being built at the Port Blakely docks, one of which will have a capacity for carrying over 1,000,000 feet of lumber.

J. P. STEWART of Puyallup, in a communication to Gov. Moore, states that he realized \$1,014.12 from the sale of red raspberries gathered from one and one-sixth acres of bushes which were set among prune and pear trees, which was equal to \$889.22 per acre.

SEATTLE is to have a new court house to cost \$200,000. The structure will be Ionic in style, with two stories and a basement and a tower extending 175 feet into the air. It will be constructed of brick and stone, and will be a handsome and commodious edifice.

ONE of the Cowlitz County farmers says that from the milk of thirty-eight cows from June 1st to the middle of October, he has made 4,400 pounds of butter. This was packed and a large part of it marketed in Portland. The farmers generally sell their butter at from twenty-five to forty cents per pound.

WHAT may be said of Western Washington generally relative to its natural resources, may also be said of Shoalwater Bay. Timber, coal, iron and other minerals abound in large quantities. It has been estimated by expert loggers that Willapa Valley alone has tributary to it over 2,500,000 feet of fine lumber, mostly fir and cedar.

A SPECIAL freight train of eighteen cars left Puyallup on Sept. 18, loaded with hops consigned to London. The train carried 1,350 bales of an average weight of 180 pounds each. All except two car loads were from the yards of E. Meeker & Co. The freight bill from Puyallup to London was \$6,750 and the marine insurance \$450. The total value of the shipment was \$36,000.

SPOKANE FALLS has now in operation one of the most complete systems of rapid transit lines to be found anywhere in a city of its size, and it will be unsurpassed in many cities several times as large. It has over thirteen miles of street railway, radiating in almost every direction from the business center of the city, which are operated by cable, electricity and steam and by horses. The roads are all thoroughly equipped with the latest and most improved modern appliances.

FROM a compilation made for the *Tacoma Ledger*, by its Port Townsend correspondent, it appears that there are 225 vessels of all classes registered in the Port Townsend district, which includes all those of Washington waters, except the Columbia River and Gray's Harbor. This vast fleet plies upon Puget Sound, but does not include the ocean steamers and vessels which make Puget Sound ports in connection with foreign shipping interests. The trade and commerce of Puget Sound is growing so rapidly that its merchant marine is rapidly increasing. Its tonnage to-day is over 138,972 tons. When the Northern Pacific Railroad Company shall have established its Puget Sound and ocean line of steamers, in addition to those constantly being added by local companies and individuals, the merchant marine of Puget Sound will be larger than any inland sea of its size in the world. The development of the vast material resources of the northwest Pacific Coast will make it thus. In fact, it is now rapidly becoming thus.

GOOD OPENINGS FOR FARMERS.—A trader writes: At Gray's Harbor City, Hoquiam, Aberdeen and Cosmopolis, I found that all the butter, eggs and vegetables used in these towns were shipped from Portland or San Francisco. Here is a population of about 5,000 people depending on the markets of Portland and California for every-

thing they use, and yet they are located at the mouth of a river, the Chehalis, which flows through a valley as rich in agricultural products of all kinds as any which exists on the broad continent.

THE CHEHALIS COUNTRY.—The magnificent natural resources of Gray's Harbor are now just beginning to be understood and appreciated. The country which surrounds it is becoming recognized as one of the coming great commercial centers of the Northwest. It is clearly evident that manufacturing interests of great magnitude must develop and be established somewhere within its limits. These facts are now obvious and beyond question, and the only query is, where shall these industries center? This inquiry nature has clearly and definitely settled, and she has combined the necessary elements so harmoniously that it is impossible that the location should fail of recognition.—*Aberdeen Bulletin*.

SPOKANE is rising phoenix like from her ashes and is fast assuming proportions which will again distinguish her as the leading inland city and the most beautiful of the Pacific Northwest. Look in any direction from any point of view and one can see magnificent structures in process of erection. Five and six-story blocks will arise of brick, stone, and iron, where before the fire stood only frame shanties and on the sites of former fine buildings are being constructed structures finer than those destroyed. There are probably no busier streets for their length in the world than can be witnessed here-to-day. The demand for capital has been responded to by those able to supply it, and the future growth and importance of the city is looked to with increased and growing confidence.—*Spokane Falls Chronicle*.

EASTERN Washington bids fair to have one of "the biggest mining camps on earth," if we are to believe the statement of Mr. Allen C. Mason of Tacoma. Recently in a conversation with an Eastern newspaper man he said: "I believe that we have in the Salmon River district the future of a camp like what Leadville is to Colorado and what Butte is to Montana. The ore is in immense bodies, the best ledges lie within a district four miles wide by fifteen long. Those may be considered the present limits of the district. The last two months have witnessed some of the most important discoveries since attention was drawn to the district. I have considerable money invested there, and have never sold a dollar's worth of my stock, and don't intend to. I shall hold on to it for the dividends I expect when the mines are worked. Most of those who have put money into the Salmon River properties are Tacoma, Spokane, Portland and Helena people. The East has not yet awakened to what we've got. I believe that as soon as the railroads reach us we shall have one of the best camps in the Northwest."

Manitoba.

TWENTY miles of the grade of the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railroad will be finished by the time work ceases for the season. Track laying is well advanced and a locomotive and twelve flat cars are at work. The road runs to a rich iron district and will terminate at Duluth.

PRICES OF LEADING NORTHWESTERN STOCKS.

Messrs. Gold, Barbour & Corning, 18 Wall Street, New York, report the following closing quotations of miscellaneous securities October 24:

	Bid.	Asked.
Northern Pacific, common.....	31 1/4	32
" " preferred.....	72 1/2	72 1/2
" " 1st Mortgage Bonds.....	114 1/2	114 1/2
" " 2d " " " ".....	110	111
" " 3d " " " ".....	107	107 1/2
" " Missouri Div. " ".....	102	—
" " P. D' O'reille " ".....	102	—
St. Paul & Duluth, common.....	28	29
" " preferred.....	80	82
" " 1st bonds.....	112	—
Oregon & Transcontinental.....	33 1/2	33 1/2
" " 6' 1922.....	105 1/2	106
Oregon Railway & Navigation.....	100	101 1/2
" " 1st bonds.....	112 1/2	—
" " Cons Mtge 5's.....	105 1/2	—
St. Paul & Northern Pacific 1st s.....	119	121
Northern Pacific Terminal.....	108 1/2	109
Oregon Improvement Co.....	50	53
" " 1st bonds.....	105	—
James River Valley 1st s.....	109	—
Spokane & Palouse 1st s.....	—	110
Chicago, St. P., Mp's & Omaha, com.....	33	33 1/2
" " preferred.....	96	96
Chicago & Northwestern, common.....	111 1/2	111 1/2
" " preferred.....	140	141 1/2
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, com.....	69 1/2	69 1/2
" " preferred.....	112 1/2	113 1/2
Milwaukee, St. S. & Western, com.....	94	97
" " preferred.....	114	117
Minneapolis & St. Louis, common.....	3	4
" " preferred.....	8	10
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba.....	114 1/2	115 1/2

Approximate Gross Earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. for Month of September.

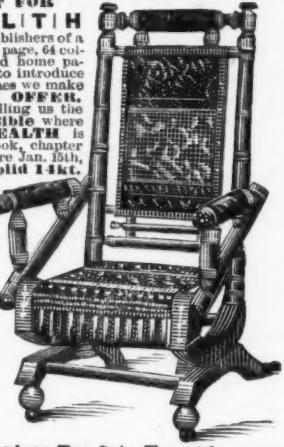
TREASURER'S OFFICE, 17 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1889.		
1888.	1889.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line and Branches.....	3,377.16	3,506.67
Month of Sept. '89. \$1,711,271.16	\$2,088,924.00	\$377,652.84
Geo. S. BAXTER, Treasurer.		

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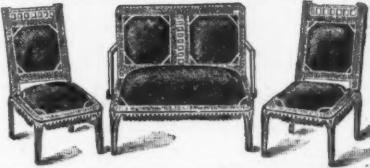
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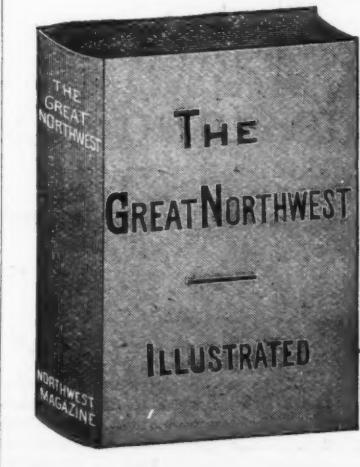
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P. S. The present will be given only to the first 5,000 answers.

North Dakota.

If you are interested in the development of the new prairie State of North Dakota, write to the Minnesota and Dakota Land and Investment Company, Mannheimer Block, St. Paul, Minn., for a folder map, showing where you can get cheap and good lands for farming and stock-raising near railroads, schools and towns. This map will be sent free to all applicants.


One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold every day for a few months. You can earn \$50 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required; we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work to all your time, and time out. One man has earned \$2000 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write as at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & CO., Box 952, PORTLAND, MAINE.

SEATTLE, The New York of the Pacific.

Population 1880, 3,533. In 1886, 10,400. On January 1, 1888, 19,116; and the population July 1, 1888, 23,500. June 1, 1889, 35,000.
The Steamship and Railroad Center of the North Pacific. The Most Aggressive and Prosperous City in America.

Come and investigate, or send for printed descriptive matter. We have tons upon tons each month for circulation, free of cost to you.

Fortunes have been made by first investors in the leading Western cities, and so will investments prove if made now in Seattle. We have Business and Residence Lots in all the best Additions at from \$100 to \$1,000, as well as lots in any portion of Seattle; also Timber, Coal and Iron Lands; Farms improved and unimproved. We deal in Municipal Bonds and Securities, and Negotiate Loans.

ESHELMAN, LLEWELLYN & CO.

SEATTLE, WASH.

References: Merchants National Bank, Bank of Commerce, of Seattle; or R. G. Dun & Co.

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NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME TO INVEST.

We have now listed for sale, in addition to the Northern Pacific Lands, of which we are the local agents, some of the most desirable residence and business lots in North Yakima, together with farm property and garden tracts.

MacLEAN, REED & CO., North Yakima, Wash.

Goodwin & Pugsley, REAL ESTATE BROKERS, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

We Deal Only in Property at Conservative
Valuations.

A Large and Well-selected List of

FARM, SUBURBAN AND CITY PROPERTY

Constantly on Hand.

References by permission: First National Bank, North Yakima; Chester A. Congdon, St. Paul, Minn.

Correspondence solicited.

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WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. Situated near the head of Puget Sound, on the tide-water of the Pacific Ocean. Ships more lumber and coal than any other port on the Pacific Coast, and more wheat than any other port except San Francisco. Direct imports of tea and other Asiatic commodities. Population, 25,000. Numerous important manufacturing industries. Large jobbing houses. Steam and electric motor street railways. Three colleges. Waterworks, gas and electric light.

PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK, Tacoma, Wash.

Paid up Capital, - - - -	\$100,000
Surplus, - - - -	40,000
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Tacoma National Bank,

TACOMA,	WASHINGTON.
Capital, \$100,000.	Surplus, \$100,000.
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Merchants National Bank—oldest Bank in Tacoma.
In their own building, Cor. Pacific Ave. and 11th St.
Paid up Capital, - - - - \$250,000.
Surplus (over dividends), \$20,000.
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SAVINGS BANK.	Capital, \$100,000.
GUARANTEED MORTGAGE BONDS.	

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all Kinds of

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FRAMES, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIRS. Also Manufacturers of Cedar Tubs and Pails. Orders from Western States and Territories will receive prompt and careful attention.

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References: The Merchants National Bank, the Pacific National Bank.

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Real Estate and Mining Brokers,

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We have carefully selected Farm Lands, Timber Tracts, Business, Residence Properties and Building Lots on sale.

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F. C. AMBRIDGE & CO.,



Investments,

Loans Negotiated, etc.



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901 Pacific Avenue, - - TACOMA, WASH.

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MANNING, BOGLE & HAYS,

Real Estate and Loans,

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City, Suburban and Acre Property.

Having had large experience, and keeping thoroughly posted in relative values of property in and around the city of Tacoma, gives us advantages not enjoyed by many others, in placing money for safe investments.

READ THIS.

We make a specialty of investing funds for non-residents. There are many enterprising persons who would like to invest in property that is rapidly advancing in value, but whose business prevents them from giving it personal attention. We exercise special care in making such investments and are prepared to give a satisfactory guarantee of 10 per cent. interest on the money we so invest. We have never made an investment for a non-resident that has not proven entirely satisfactory.

Full information furnished on application. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors.

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MANNING, BOGLE & HAYS.

TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and
The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

Population in 1880, 760. Population, March, 1889, 22,000 to 25,000.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927	Banks Jan., 1889.....	6
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000	Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356	Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598	Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300	Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Coal shipped in 1888.....	(Tons) 272,529	Value of Public School Property.....	\$150,000
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098	Value of Private School Property.....	150,000
Crop of Hops in 1888.....	(Bales) 40,000	Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Lumber exported in 1888, over.....	(Feet) 73,000,000	Money spent in Building improvements in 1888.....	2,148,572
Wheat shipped in 1888.....	(Bushels) 2,528,400	Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	90,000
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136	Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	263,200
Miles of Railway tributary in 1888.....	2,375	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	506,000
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	30	The N. P. R. R. Co. will spend this year (1889) on Terminal Im- provements.....	\$1,000,000.
Banks in 1880.....	1		

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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General Manager of The Tacoma Land Co., TACOMA, WASH.

N. P. R. R. Headquarters Building.

E. T. DURGIN,

942¹ Pacific Ave.

TACOMA, WASH. TERR.

Do not wait until you have a certain amount. Send what money you have—two, three, four or five hundred dollars. We will invest it for you either in real estate that will surely increase in value, or will loan it for any time specified so it will net you ten per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. Security ample—first mortgages only. The amount loaned shall not exceed forty per cent. of OUR valuation of the property.

Write for full information. References by permission—Merchants National Bank of Tacoma or City Bank of Minneapolis.

Real Estate

and Loans.

Tacoma Investments.

E. BENNETT, OF TOPEKA, Importer of Percheron and Clydesdale horses, purchased 80 acres of land, \$350 per acre, 3½ miles from P. O., Tacoma, Nov., 1888. As "Attorney in Fact," now selling lots at \$200 each, known as "Hunt's Prairie Addition." Over ½ sold. LOCAL TRAINS to Lake View passing through the tract, commence running soon, when prices will advance 25 per cent. Wm. McDougall, of New York, purchased in March 40 acres west of Tacoma, \$650 per acre. To-day it will sell readily for \$1,000. Can refer to many others if required.

Have some good Acreage suitable for Additions near the city.

Address

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Birds-Eye View Lithographs of Tacoma, 24x36 inches, forwarded on receipt of 50 cents.

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The Finest Furnished Hotel in the City.

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First-class Restaurant on first floor.

FLORA BROTHERS, Proprietors.

(On the European Plan.)

Tacoma, Washington.

A New Addition to this City—

"Bethell's First,"

Situated in the Third Ward, and comprising Forty-two Lots, will be placed upon the market this fall at reasonable figures. Here is an opportunity to make an investment which will pay at least FIFTY per cent. profit inside of twelve months.

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Builders & Real Estate Dealers & Brokers,

Uhlman Market Block, 9th & A Sts., TACOMA, WASH.

THE SECURITY BANK OF TACOMA, TACOMA, WAS.

Capital, \$100,000. Paid in, \$80,000.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

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Director Merchants Nat'l Bank.

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ORCHARD & OPIE,

Real Estate Bought and Sold.

Investments made for non-residents. Correspondence solicited. References by permission to any bank in Tacoma, TACOMA, WASH.

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Bozeman is the county seat of Gallatin County, the best cultivated and best settled agricultural district in Montana. Population of the county 12,000; of the city 4,000. Good opportunities for manufacturing, farming and stock raising. Numerous water-powers. Large coal fields and valuable silver ledges.

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REAL ESTATE,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.
Correspondence Solicited.

Bozeman National Bank,

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.
Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$10,000.

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PETER KOCH, Cashier.

We do a general banking business, and give prompt attention to collections and any other business entrusted to us.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA—

A city of 4,000 population, being surrounded with all the natural resources necessary to manufacturing, it is destined, and is becoming the manufacturing center of Montana.

GEO. L. RAMSEY, Real Estate and Insurance Broker.

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County seat of Park County. Population 2,000. N. P. R. R. shops and division headquarters. Park County has only good coking coal in Montana and best steam coal. Two large coking plants. Rich mines of silver ore. Limestone ledges and iron deposits. Extensive cattle ranges. Much good farming land along the streams.

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Bonds, Mortgage Loans.**

Local Agent N. P. R. R. Property.

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The Finest Quality Silver Plated,
Nickel, Silver and White Metal Goods.

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Junction point of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway system and the Montana Central system. Population 3,000. Unlimited water-power. Manufacturing facilities. Farming and grazing lands. Extensive coal fields at Sand Coulee, ten miles distant. Large smelting plant for handling silver ores. Extensive mineral district in Little Belt Mountains, sixty miles distant. County seat of Cascade County. Situated at the head of a series of rapids and falls on the Missouri, which culminate in the Great Falls, eighty-seven feet high.

T. E. COLLINS, Pres. L. G. PHELPS, Cashier.
A. E. DICKERMAN, V. Pres. D. L. TRACY, Asst Cashier.

First National Bank,

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.
Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000.
Paid in Capital, \$100,000. Surplus and Profits, \$30,000.
General banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. The collection center for all points in Northern and Central Montana.

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**The Cascade Bank
OF GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.**

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Transacts a general banking business. Interest paid on time deposits. Collections made on favorable terms.

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Black Eagle Falls and Fair View Additions for Sale.
Great Falls, Montana.

GREAT FALLS**WATER POWER & TOWNSITE CO.**

Will answer all correspondence concerning Great Falls, the metropolis of Northern Montana.

Settlers desiring Government Land will be given reliable information.

Excellent opportunities for investment. Lots for sale at reasonable prices and upon easy terms.

GREAT FALLS WATER POWER & TOWNSITE CO.,
Great Falls, MONTANA.

J. F. McCLELLAND,
REAL ESTATE,

DUNN BLOCK, GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.
Farm Property. City Property. Loans Negotiated.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Investors and home seekers can double their money in and near Tacoma and Orting, Wash., by investing in corner lots and acreage.

W. S. TAYLOR, 1128 Pacific Ave., Tacoma.

Refer to Henry Hewitt, Jr., Traders Bank, Tacoma.

The Helena Business College and Normal Training School is doing an excellent and successful work. It now has an average attendance of over one hundred students, which would be regarded as a good roll at one of the similar institutions in an Eastern city. Its course includes all studies required for actual business and also short-hand, telegraphy and architectural drawing. The rooms are spacious and handsome. Prof. H. T. Engelhorn, the principal and proprietor, has built up the college from small beginnings, by hard, conscientious and intelligent effort, until it is now ranked with the chief institutions for education in the new State of Montana.

A correspondent asks: "Where can we send to get Peck's Patent Ear Drums, an invention for enabling people to hear who are deaf, slightly or otherwise?" Write to F. Hiscox, 883 Broadway, N. Y., stating cause and particulars of your deafness and he will give you all the points desired. Read the following from the *Surgical Record*: "A lecturer in one of our hospitals, while illustrating progress in medical science, introduced a deaf patient whose case baffled all medical skill and was considered hopeless, but an invention belonging to F. Hiscox, 883 Broadway, New York, having been recommended, it was used with very satisfactory results, as it fully restored the hearing. It was tested in other cases and found to be more successful than any known device for the relief of deafness, as hearing lost for many years was fully restored by it. This invention is all the more satisfactory as it is out of sight and does not require to be held in position. And while it can be readily removed or inserted by the patients themselves it is without curative in action and comfortable to wear." —*Philadelphia Call*, Feb 24, 1889.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Perfect Photography.

Of the tens of thousands scattered from St. Paul to Duluth, Winnipeg, Tacoma, Portland, and all over the United States and the Dominion of Canada, who read THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, a great many, no doubt some thousands, visit St. Paul every year and carry away some souvenir or memento. To all wanting a perfect photograph, we wish to recommend Mr. T. M. Swem of 419 Wabasha Street. Mr. Swem's Photograph Gallery, recently newly furnished, is the finest in the Northwest, and his work is at least equal to the very best done in Chicago or New York. We think it will not do injustice to others to call Mr. Swem the leading photographer of St. Paul. Nearly all the prominent people of St. Paul have photographs taken by him.

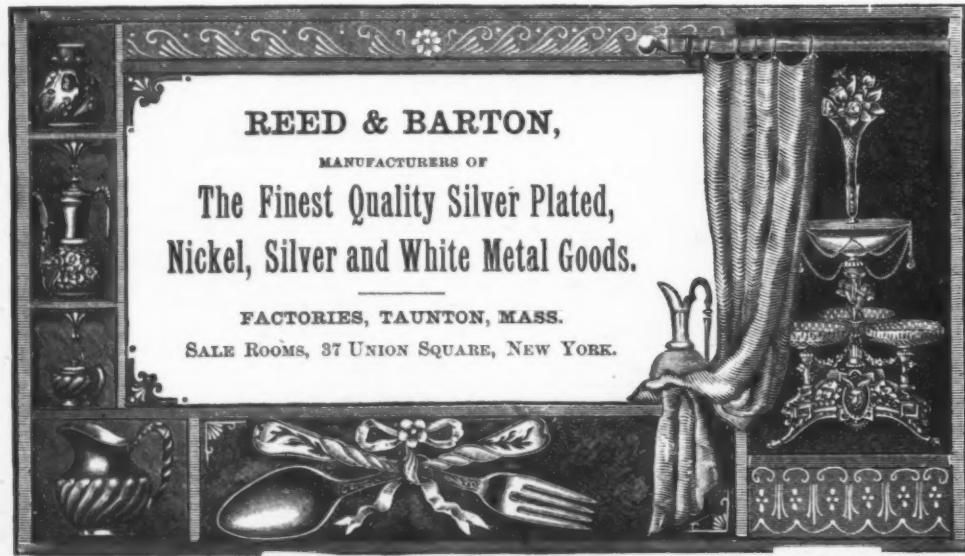
Through Cars to New York via B. & O. R. R.

Through Pullman Car service between Chicago and New York is maintained by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. and the Express train leaving Chicago at 10:10 A. M., daily, is equipped with handsome Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars which run through from Chicago to New York without change or transfer. This train arrives the next day in Washington at 11:45 A. M.; Baltimore 1:00 P. M.; Philadelphia 3:15 P. M.; New York 5:50 P. M.

The Vestibuled limited leaves Chicago at 2:55 P. M. daily and arrives the next day in Washington at 4:05 P. M., Baltimore at 5:15 P. M., Philadelphia at 7:30 P. M., and New York at 9:55 P. M. All cars on the limited are vestibuled, including baggage cars, day coaches, dining car and Pullman's drawing room sleeping cars. The vestibule appliance entirely overcomes the swaying motion imparted to ordinary trains in rounding curves, and, as the limited passes over the mountain division of the line in daylight, travelers can enjoy the beautiful scenery for which picturesque B. & O. is famed without suffering the slightest discomfort or fear of *mal de mer*.

The limited is a solid train from Chicago to Washington and Baltimore; passengers for Philadelphia and New York change at Washington in same depot into a vestibuled train equipped with vestibuled day coaches and Pullman's drawing room buffet parlor cars running through from Washington to New York.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. R. R. in the last two years and its present train service is equal to any in America. In addition to its attractiveness in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, it is via the B. & O. only that the National Capital can be visited while en route between the East and West. All B. & O. trains run via Washington.



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HELENA is the capital of the State of Montana, and the county seat of Lewis and Clarke County. Population, 20,000. Railroad, commercial and financial center of the State. Railroads radiate in eight directions. Bank deposits over \$6,000,000. U. S. Assay Office. U. S. Land Office. Steam motor line, street cars, electric light. Opportunities for investment in real estate, gold and silver mines, stock ranches and farms. Also for manufacturing and general business.

[No. 1649.]

First National Bank,

HELENA, MONTANA.

United States Depository.

Paid up Capital, \$500,000
Surplus and Profits, 375,000

General Banking Business and Collections in the Northwest receive prompt attention.

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Some Fine Investments in Mines and Real Estate { Profitable and Legitimate;
Everything Guaranteed as Represented.
WANTED: Eastern Capital to Loan at good rate of interest.

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Leading Real Estate Agents of Helena, Mont.

Dealers in Real Estate. First Mortgage Loans a specialty.

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Money loaned at 8 and 10 per cent. net on first mortgages. Gilt edge security. Investments made for non-residents and satisfaction guaranteed. We invite correspondence and can assure one and all that Helena is the richest, most thriving city of the Northwest, and offers more inducement to investors than any of its competitors. For full particulars, address

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LOAN, TRUST AND ANNUITY BUSINESS.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee,
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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,

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Successors to P. H. KELLY & CO.

Wholesale GROCERS,

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Teas and Coffees,

Established 1854. ST. PAUL, MINN.

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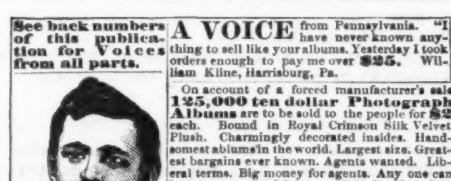
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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

Boggs (a New York reporter sent to write up the Inebriates' Home, gets drunk on the way)—"I (hic) shay, stra'ger, am I on 'r—road to nebr'ate—shylum?"

Stranger—"I should judge from appearances that you were."

WHY HE WAS DISMISSED.

"Then it's all over between you and Miss Rich, Jack?"

"It is indeed, Bob, I'm sorry to say."

"What was the matter?"

"I was in the habit of staying too late at night and her father bounced me."

"Oh! I see, you tried to make it an all night affair and now it's all day with you."

BOUND TO BE CONTRARY.

Customer—"But do you think these suspenders will wear?"

Shopkeeper—"They're as strong as iron, sir. They'll wear out half a dozen pair of pants."

Customer—"Then I guess I don't want them. I don't care to have my pants worn out any faster than I could do it myself."—Boston Transcript.

CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND CONTROL.

Professor Vio Linello—"Look here, sir, those strings I bought of you are continually breaking—snapped by the dozen at my benefit last night. What do you mean by cheating me?"

Moses Einschwie (music dealer)—"Well, mine vrient, vat gan I hel id? Dot was not mine faul. Berhabs dose gate die of inflammation of the bowels; vas dot my bessness?"—Toledo Blade.

NOT THE SAME.

Lisping Willie—"Mithter Smiff, me papa sendth you thith \$6 he ow'th you."

Mr. Smith—"Ah, that's a good boy, Willie. Tell papa he's a trump."

Pa (in the gloaming)—"Well, Willie, what did Mr. Smith say?"

Lisping Willie—"He collied the 'V' and thaid I wath a good boy and you wath a chump."—Puck.

SHE WOULD BE CONTENT WITH A SUBORDINATE POSITION.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they had returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Treasurer."—Boston Journal.

BITTER WORDS.

Cravate—"Beastly country, this!"

Collah—"Yaa. I met a man to-day who weally had the impudence to tell me that a fellah couldn't succeed here without bwains; but I gave it back to him hot."

Cravate—"What did you say to him?"

Collah—"I told him that I came from a place where people belonging to good families didn't bother their heads about such things. I tell you what, he looked thoroughly sat on and said: 'I believe you.'"—Grip.

IT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN COLONEL.

"I believe you introduced that gentleman as General Jones when you introduced me to him?"

"Yes."

"U. S. Army?"

"No."

"Confederate?"

"I think not."

"Where did he get his title?"

"Well, he lived ten years in Washington. But strictly that oughtn't to entitle him to more than a colonel."

THEY HAD A THOROUGH SYSTEM.

Moses Silverstein, the peddler, went into a large wholesale dry goods store on Arch Street the other day to sell his wares. He reached the sixth floor of the building unperceived, and then ran face to face with the watchman. That official kicked him down stairs. When he landed on the fourth floor the office boy came in sight. He promptly kicked the peripatetic merchant two flights lower. Then Moses landed at the office. The porter, a robust Irishman, promptly kicked him into the street. Moses gathered himself together with difficulty, brushed off his clothes and shook himself to ascertain if no bones had been broken. Looking around at the building he soliloquized bitterly: "Oh, but I was a dead man. I have been insulted, but," and his admiration at the thorough manner in which the kicking had been done came uppermost. "Gott, what a system dot store hav."—Philadelphia Times.



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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

HE WAS FOND OF IT HIMSELF.

"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the far West, "Indians are powerfully fond of whisky. Let 'em once get the taste of whisky an' they'll give up everything for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket and I don't know what else for a pint of whisky I had with me."

"And you wouldn't give it to him."

"Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."

A NEW NAME WANTED.

Wickwire—"I wish to goodness somebody would invent a way to distinguish between a typewriting machine and the girl who runs it."

Yaksley—"I should think a man of ordinary sense should have no trouble in doing so."

Wickwire—"Oh, you idiot, I mean in writing. I received a bill stating that I was indebted to Blank & Co. for ribbon for typewriter, and my wife got hold of it and raised a Dickens of a row for about an hour before she'd let me explain.—*Terre Haute Express*."

SHE WISHED TO AVOID EMBARRASSMENT.

Husband—"Well, I'm sick of it. Nothing but the continuous growl about the lodge. Supposing I am a little drunk occasionally—"

Wife—"It is not that, dear."

Husband—"Well, supposing I am sometimes a little late—"

Wife—"It is not that, dear; but twice lately I have come down in my nightgown to let you in and found it was the milkman. It was so embarrassing. Now, if you could only arrange to come home just after the eight o'clock post it would be so much more convenient."

A LOSING SPECULATION.

Mrs. Chitchat (caller)—"Why, my dear Mrs. Starvem, what is the matter? You look distressed."

Mrs. Starvem (boarding-house landlady)—"Oh, the awfulest thing has happened! You remember Mr. Griggs, who used to board here at \$9 a week, and was such a comfort to me?"

Mrs. C.—"Yes. You said he had scarcely any teeth left, and could barely eat a thing. Didn't cost any more to keep than a kitten."

Mrs. S.—"That's the one. Oh, he's a villain! He came back yesterday, and I let him have board at only \$8 a week, and now I find he's got a new set of false teeth, and eats like a horse."—*New York Weekly*.

THE OLD MAN'S LITTLE MISSION.

"What is your mission here, sir?" asked the old man with a frown.

"I am on three missions, sir," replied the poor young man, who was also a humorist.

"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man, impatiently.

"Per-mission to marry your daughter, ad-mission to your family circle and sub-mission to the regulations of your household."

"Ugh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude any arrangements with you."

"Name it," cried the poor young man eagerly. "I will be only too glad to perform it."

"Dis-mission!" shrieked the old man with a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fell dead at his feet.—*Washington Critic*.

A LITTLE TOO FRANK.

"I will be frank and truthful with you, my darling," said George Himself, tenderly, "as I always intend to be after we are married. You are not beautiful, but you have more good sense than all the pretty girls I know put together."

"And I, too, will be frank and truthful," replied Amanda Herself, for it was she. "You don't know as much as a last year's bird's nest, but you have a larger mouth and keep it open longer at a time than any man I ever saw." She smiled like an angel when she ceased to speak, and somehow George Himself began to wonder whether this franking privilege couldn't be carried to excess.—*Burlette in Brooklyn Eagle*.

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liousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Flora-
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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Wickwire—"Why, Yabsley, your face looks perfectly awful. Who shaves you?"

Yabsley—"A blankety-blank idiot named Yabsley."

Singley—"How much you resemble your sister, Miss Bjones!—I would take you for her." Miss Bjones—"Well, Mr. Singley, this is so sudden; but you may ask pa."

Anxious Wooer—"Then, sir, I have your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter? Ah! if I only thought I could win her affections!" Eager Father—"Why not, my dear sir, why not? Plenty of others have succeeded."



AN ARGUMENT.

"Oscar, your sister complains that you would not divide the peach with her."

"That is not true mamma; I gave her the stone and she can plant it in the garden and have a whole peach tree for herself."

Fobly—"Miss Slymymme shows considerable nerve in appearing so decollete, don't you think so?"

Dudey—"She shows a great deal of backbone, in my opinion."

Mistress (to newly hired girl)—"Don't you know that you ought to put the glass of water on the tray when you hand it to anybody?"

Girl—"O, yes, 'em. I've always been used to that but I didn't think you had."

Father—"My son, you must not dispute with your mother in that way." Boy—"But she's in the wrong. Father—"That makes no difference, and you might as well learn, my child, once for all, that when a lady says a thing is so, it is so, even if it isn't so!"

Fond Lover—"Is your pa in, Addie?" Gentle Maiden—"Yes, but you may come in." "I don't think he likes me, and he might"—"There's no need of being afraid; he is engaged." "Engaged, is he?" "Yes. He stayed out till after twelve o'clock last night, and he went off this morning without giving me a chance to talk to him. She is talking to him now, and he won't be in this part of the house for the next three hours. Come right in."

Miss Crimble (to clerk of the Snake Creek House)—"Will you please send the porter to our room, Mr. Bigstud?" Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. Anything wrong?"

Miss Crimble—"Papa just shot a mosquito and we would like Patrick to carry it out."

Miss Fiance (selecting the ring)—"I prefer this fine, large solitaire." Jeweller (extricating his foot from beneath that of Miss Fiance's young man)—"Dear me! That would never do. Large stones are not at all fashion-

able for engagement rings. Here is—" Miss Fiance's young man (triumphantly)—"The very latest thing out—so small and neat."

Joblot—"See here, Isaacs, I thought you said you would warrant these trousers to wear." Isaacs—"So I did." Joblots—"Well look at them. I've only worn them two weeks and you can see through the cloth." Isaacs—"I warranted them to wear, didn't I?" Joblot—"Of course you did." Isaacs—"Vull, ain't dey worn? Wot's de madder mit you?"

Lecturer—"All statistics prove that the blond women are more difficult to get along with than the brunettes."

Astonished Man in the audience (starting up)—"Are you certain of that?"

Professor—"It is a fact."

Astonished Man—"Then, I believe my wife's black hair is dyed."

Guest—"Waiter, how's this? I have discovered a collar button in my soup."

Waiter—"Yes, sah, you'se lucky man. We has prize soup on Mondays an' Wednesdays. A handsome gift in every twentieth plate, sah."

First Newspaper Man: "Did you do any literary work on your voyage across?"

Second Newspaper Man—"Yes, I contributed extensively to the *Atlantic*."

Charlie—"How was it you didn't allow Miss Yellowleaf to join your female base ball club?" Jennie—"Because, being an old maid, she wasn't a good catch."

"No," said the dude, "I do not smoke cigarettes, now." "Why not?" "Well, don't you know, Cholly, I've carried the knob of my beastly big cane in my mouth so much that the cigarette seems lost."



FAT VS. LEAN.

A very thin man hails an omnibus and gets in. With great difficulty he squeezes himself into the corner seat, muttering: "Such people should pay by weight." His fat neighbor replies. "In that case, my small friend, the bus would not stop for you at all." —*Fliegende Blätter*.

Young girl (at fortune-teller's)—"What! I'm going to marry a poor man and have seventeen children! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her and you said she was to marry a millionaire and live on Fifth Avenue. Here's your quarter." Fortune-teller, with dignity—"Your friend Sarah got a fifty-cent fortune, miss."

Mrs. True Genteel—"Good morning, Mrs. Carrots. Going to New York to do a little shopping?" Mrs. Gushy Carrots (whose husband has hit Standard Oil and acquired sudden riches)—"No, I've just returned. I bought a nice Rubens this morning, and, I declare, when I called at my husband's office he told me he had bought a Rembrandt by the same artist yesterday afternoon."

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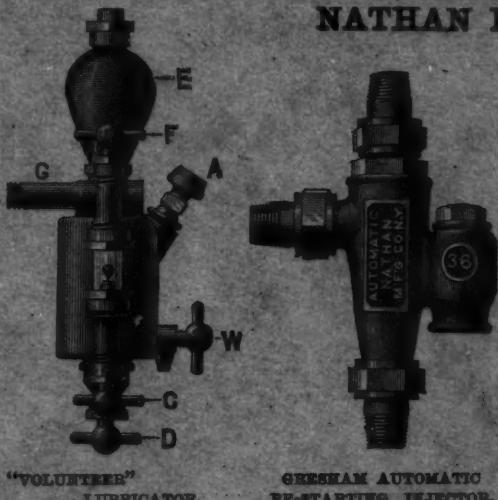
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